

75¢

Bitter Sweet

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

JUNE NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-ONE

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER SIX



Locke Mills—North Pond Regatta—Photo by Blaine Mills

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13th	Saturday	- 7:30 p.m.	Regular Race Program
14th	Sunday	- 7:00 p.m.	NASCAR 100 Lap Open
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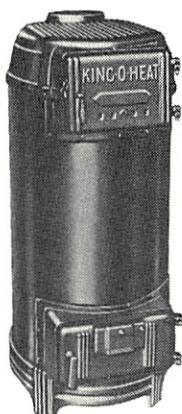


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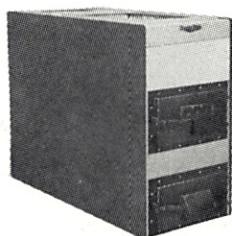
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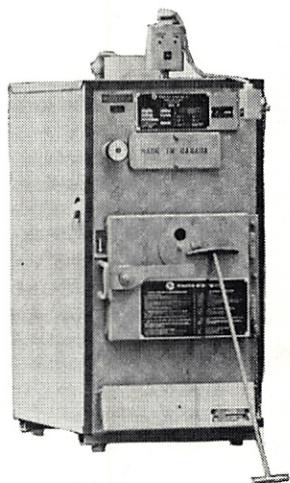
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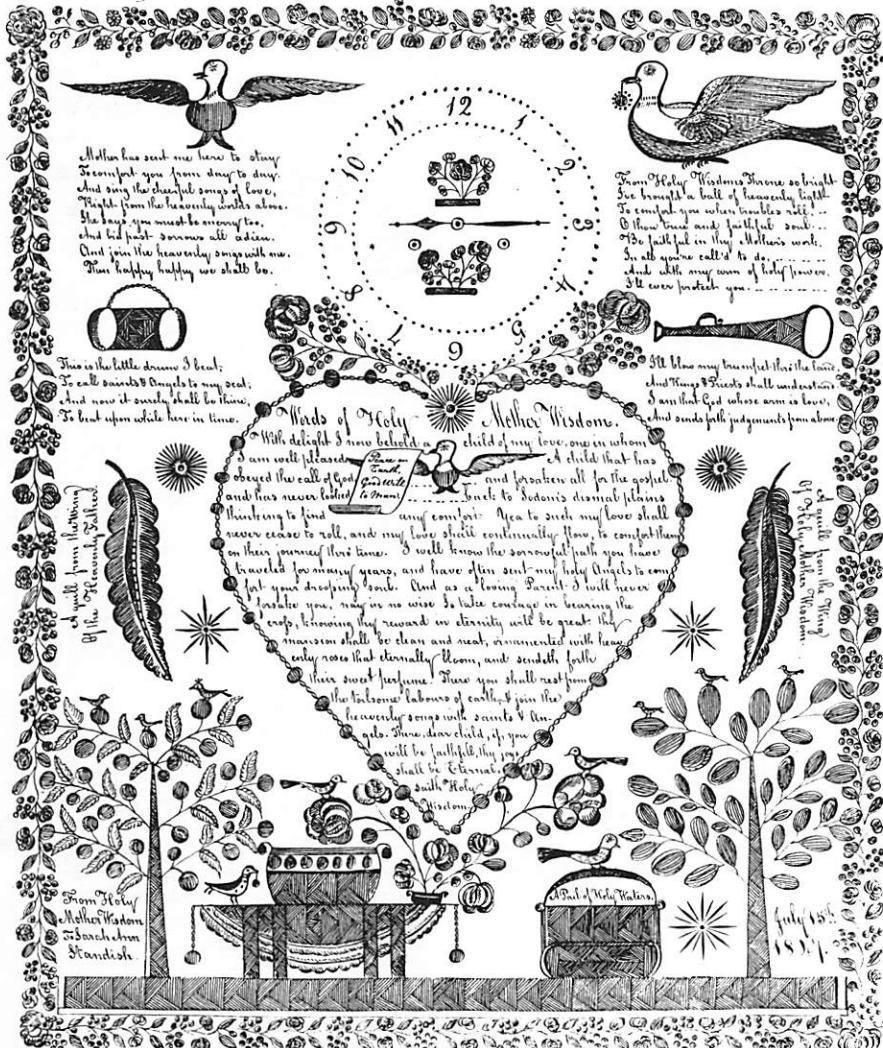
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Shaker Spirit Drawing by Sarah Ann Standish, 1847

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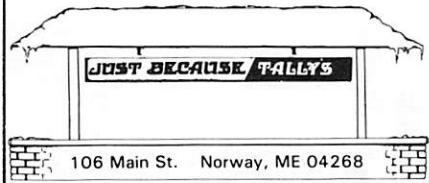
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Bitter Sweet Views

We at BitterSweet are excited about recent developments that promise to bring you closer than ever to the infinitely interesting happenings around Inland Maine.

Beginning this summer, Maine's well-known artist/author Martin Dibner will serve as BitterSweet's consultant on the arts. A Casco Village resident for over 35 years, Dibner is the founding director-emeritus of both the California Arts Commission (1966) and the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery at Westbrook College (1977). Much sought-after as a judge of art shows and competitions, he is familiar with and an authority on the work of many of the women and men artists for whom Maine has provided the ideal creative environment.

A frequent feature, **Mainestreams in Art** will illustrate and discuss Dibner's views on these artists, past and present, and the impact of their work on our society.

Another multi-part feature will be a story on the now-defunct Oxford and Cumberland Canal. Regular contributor Jack Barnes of Hiram has researched this canal, which was originally to link Oxford County by water to Portland and Casco Bay, and which was the start of the Canal Bank. Part I appears this month.

Opening vistas to the imaginative cook are fresh herbs as presented in this issue by Lucia Owen of Bethel

(just back from England). A surprising number of herbs winter over in this northern clime—tarragon, sage, chives, parsley, oregano, etc. (she's still working on thyme). The house can be full of year-round greenery to please both eye and palate (in herb butters, salad dressings, marinades, sauces, and so on beyond counting).

Stories of interesting people and places continue to arrive at our office—more than we have room for each month, which is wonderful. We will use them as soon as we have room; along with all the little

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Bitter Sweet

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SHAKERS: Part II

At Sabbathday Lake

*When true simplicity is
gained,
To bow and to bend we
shan't be ashamed.
To turn, turn, will be
our delight,
'Til by turning, turning,
we come out right.*
—Simple Gifts
(second verse)

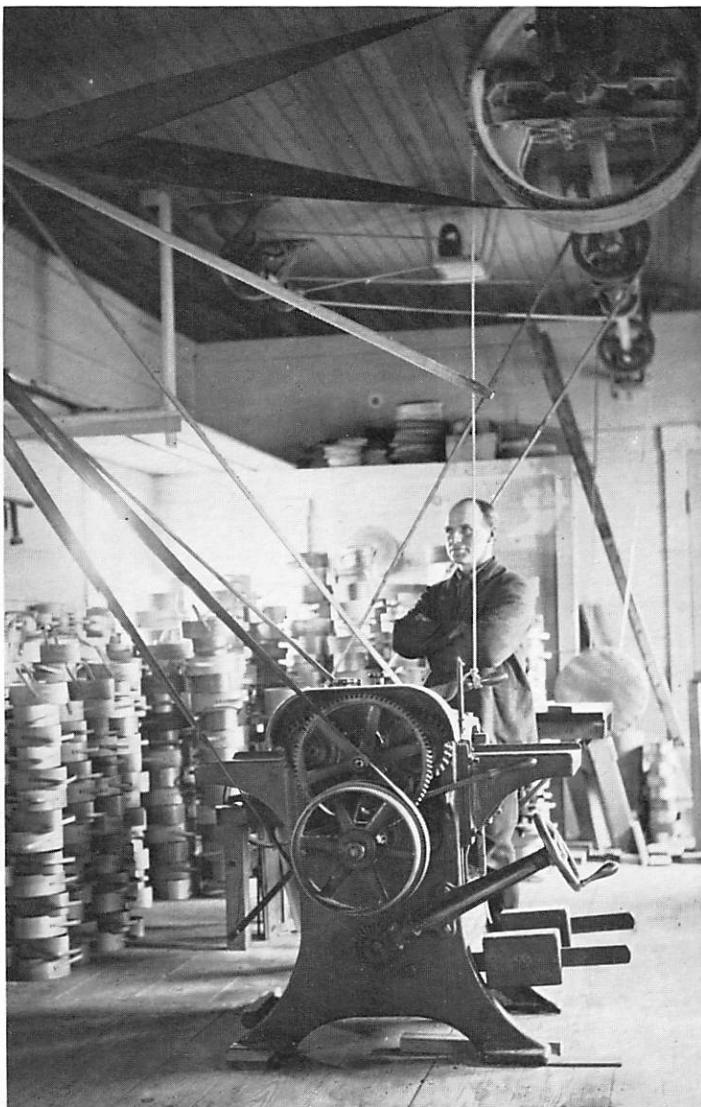
During the missionary activity which characterized the end of the 1700's, Shakers went out from the first community in New York to bring Mother Ann Lee's vision of the Word of Christ incarnate in each person to the outlying districts. Brethren and sisters travelled to Kentucky and Ohio, to Massachusetts and New Hampshire. And wherever they demonstrated the new life of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, they sowed the seeds of new communities.

One man from Maine, John Cotton (of Portland's Cotton Street family fame) heard the Shaker teachings at Enfield, New Hampshire in 1783. Already a New Light Baptist, Cotton returned to Alfred, Sanford and Gorham with new-found faith to tell to his family and friends. By 1793 these people had established fully "gathered-in" Shaker communities at Alfred and New Gloucester.

Eventually there were seven communities and branch families in Maine. Though perhaps they did not know it, the turn of the nineteenth century was to be the peak of the Shaker "millenium"—there were then 6,000 brothers and sisters in the nation. What drew so many people to leave the towns and farms, to either leave their families or bring them along into a religious community that

required giving up one's possessions into communal ownership, and living a life of celibacy and hard work?

Essentially, there was much promise in that sort of a theocratic apostolic community—a life of service, for one things. Shakers always attempted to give to one another a heaven on earth. They let no sun set on disagreements or difficulties. They worked and prayed together daily.



Brother Delmer Wilson, in the carrier shop early in this century

But it was not an ascetic life: hearty, delicious food, beautiful homes, loving friends, bright colorful new clothing, freedom from care, a spiritual worship full of song and dance and ordered, marching chants. There was no fear or painful self-denial in Shaker communities, but there was a profound knowledge of self—for which these practical idealists were always striving. There was also a self-sufficiency which brought security to Shakers.

The Shakers at Sabbathday Lake had a fairly typical community. Members brought much land and many possessions with them when they gathered in at a New Gloucester farm. The typical gambrel meeting house was built early—in 1794—by the same brother who built others across the eastern U.S., Moses Johnson. It is a beautiful, well-balanced open building with ten big carrying beams and posts, windows between each post, and a door on each side—one for brothers and one for sisters. (They did not mingle or converse with one another during worship.) The inside was painted one of the rich Shaker colors—a colonial blue buttermilk-based paint which is still amazingly bright and pure today, more

than 180 years later. Upstairs was lodging for elders andeldresses. It is today part of the museum complex now open to the public from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Quickly added to the community were many other buildings: among them a huge brick residence and dozens of workshops and barns. Many of them are gone now: among them the shingle mill, the saw mill, the school house.



At its peak, the community at Sabbathday Lake was a beehive of industry—turning out lumber, furniture; agricultural products like apples, herbs, seeds; fabric; many other things. The brothers and sisters rose at dawn and worked until dusk. They educated children, fulfilled their own community's needs, and sold their surplus to the rest of the world.

The Shakers never lived in complete isolation from their neighbors. In the beginning, the community members were shunned and sometimes even attacked by those who did not understand them.

But eventually their neighbors came to praise the quiet, intelligent,

Top and bottom: two views of Shaker Village around 1910



The evolution of Shaker dress, from an early 1800's ambrotype showing the scarf across the bosom through the bodice bib in the late 1800's to the same style worn today, in a shorter version. Bonnets and cloak were typical Shaker—and colorful

hard-working peace-loving Believers. More than that, they came to know that if they wanted goods made with integrity they should purchase them from the Shakers. And the Shakers did not shun prosperity: they knew that their purpose was to worship God. If life were a little easier for them, there would be more time for worship. So they invented the washing machine, the clothes pin, circular saw, flat broom, waterproof cloth, and many others.

Though they tried to live not of the world, still they *were* in the world. They kept a store. They sold delicate oval carrier boxes made by Bro. Delmer Wilson at Sabbathday Lake. They even sent peddler wagons out as far as the mountain resort hotels to sell woven poplar dressing table sets and cloth and dolls made by the sisters. They were the first community to set up a mail-order seed and herb business that flourishes again today.

Of the products created by Shakers, some of the most famous are the items of simple, beautiful furniture, much prized by collectors and antique dealers today because of their timeless grace and elegance. Some pieces of useful and unadorned furniture can be seen in the Shaker Museum—all created by craftsmen (and women) who were making a conscious effort to (1) produce the finest work they could, (2) live in as close a union with their God as possible, and (3) be as true to themselves as they ever could. The philosophy behind the furniture is as intriguing as the furniture itself—and integral to its making.

Many of the desks and tables were made to fulfill functions required by specific Shakers—i.e. "Sister So-and-So's sewing desk." And each piece was worked to perfection. For each brother and sister, *Simplicity* and *Unity*—the keywords of their religion—operated in each daily function. That is why the chairs of one community are so like the chairs of another—different only in the identifiable finials on the chair posts. That made Shaker furniture classic.

It is important to remember, though, that the Shakers never lived—past or present—in a "classic" state. The museum rooms are lovely and representational—also static. Individuals lived in those rooms in reality. There was probably a hodge-podge of furniture styles there—just



At top, a classic Shaker bedroom from the museum at Sabbathday Lake, with rope bed, wall pegs, candlestand, ladder back rocker with woven seat, and baffle stove of Shaker construction. (Photo by John McKee, courtesy Bowdoin College)

Below: Brother Stephen

Gowen in a more typical room with Victorian era trappings alongside famed Shaker built-in cupboards



as today there are in the dwelling house. In one sitting room one may find an Oriental carpet, a Shaker rocker, two Boston rockers, a curliqued parlor organ, a tall Shaker desk, and a television set! In the office, a copy machine shares a corner with a Spirit drawing from the 1800's. There is no anachronism there.

People joining the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, of course brought their possessions from the outside world.

As people and times changed, so did the evolving community. At one point, Shaker Victorian furniture was even being made—simplified, to be sure, but turned and adorned with furbelows all the same.

And the people in the Society were always individuals. They kept journals; there were many portraits of gentle-eyed sisters and brothers in their rooms. Clothing was not

Ayah

letters to the editor

COVER TO COVER PRAISE

We are natives of Maine, so enjoy your magazine a great deal. It is read by all from cover to cover. Keep up the good work. Looking forward to the new issues.

Carl Coburn
Canaan, Vermont

I love **BitterSweet!** Keep up the good work.

Sirie Pulkkinen
Brighton, Massachusetts

Thank you for reminding me to renew **BitterSweet**. Mrs. Belle Sanborn is my mother-in-law, an alert lady of 90 years!

Many times she tells me how interesting and how much she enjoys your stories, reads it from cover to cover.

Mrs. Pauline Sanborn
Lynn, Massachusetts

Last February I ordered **BitterSweet** for this same couple . . . They both love **BitterSweet**—in fact, she remarked recently "BitterSweet is the best magazine on the market—I read it from cover to cover." That's when I decided they *needed* it for another year.

Emily Bean
Rumford



... Page 2 BitterSweet Views

anecdotes and poems which we also receive. Coming up in future months: Maine's Eldest Boy in Blue (a Civil War story), the results of our Writing Contest for young people, a Maine nurse in World War I France, recollections of summer visitors and of life on the farm . . . and much, much more. Keep Reading . . . and tell your friends and neighbors!

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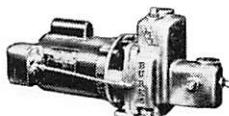


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Folk Tales

SOUTH PARIS



In 1939 a young Maine man graduated from Bentley School of Accounting, then in Boston, with the usual euphoria of youth and no expectations of the future more concrete than that he would probably find a job with some big company as an accountant. But in 1939 the pre-war Army was offering an exciting deal in becoming an Air Corps pilot, so the young man with an urge to see the world enlisted.

World War II and a year and a half in a German prison camp made a major change in the life of that young man, Ashley Bean. For one thing, he decided that a small town in Maine was a pretty good place to live and raise a family. For another, he says, "I learned that you can be happy and contented with basic, elemental living. I became fully aware in that prison camp just what was a necessity and what was a luxury. 'Most everything is a luxury; all you really need is nourishment and shelter.' So when he was liberated in June of 1945, Ashley came home to South Paris. He's never regretted the decision.

A few months later, in the fall of 1945, Ashley's old friend Chandler "Chinny" Briggs came home from duty in the Pacific War Theatre. The two had been school friends, often spending their past summers doing odd jobs together. Chinny wanted them to go into business together. Ashley, who was then working in the office at Bessey's Orchards in Buckfield, agreed; and they began looking around for something in which to invest.

In South Paris, a man named Roy White had a small restaurant for sale. It only seated 24 people and the two young men knew very little about the food business, but they bought it. Why? "It was available. It might have been 'most anything else,'" Ashley explains. Their only previous

Above center, the original building in Market Square; left, its first stage as Bean's Restaurant; right, its most recent renovation. Below: Ashley Bean (left) and Chandler Briggs



Bean of Bean's

experience with food had been a short summer concessions job that started when they sold sandwiches and cold drinks in front of the Court House during the notorious Dwyer murder trial. But they hired a good cook—Annie Holt—and Bean's Restaurant was in business.

Among their first undertakings were a couple of renovations in 1946 and 1948. They were followed with a steady succession of major changes and redecorations—the addition of a soda fountain in 1950, a new floor and basement in 1953, new walls in 1967—which have made the restaurant what it is today: a comfortable, open dining room with booths and tables, and the small Fireside Room which groups of about twenty people can rent for regular meetings or family functions by the fireplace.

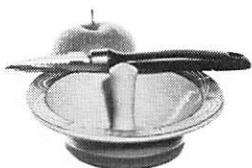
Along the way to keeping up Bean's appearance, there have been some interesting developments. Many people remember the fascinating murals which used to cover the restaurant walls. Done by Paris Hill painter Ellie Viles, they were local scenes in painstaking detail. Especially memorable was the scene of Oxford County Fair in which it was possible to find something new everytime one looked. They are still there, beneath the wood panelling. Having been painted directly on the sheetrock (all except one, the Artists' Bridge at Sunday River, which was done on masonite and now resides at Dr. Hudson's in Bethel) they became impossible to maintain. And Mrs. Viles says she "could never do it again."

Ashley Bean has seen some other changes since he began in the restaurant business. In 1946 most people treated "eating out" as something unusual and special. Now, with the increase in two-working-member families, many people eat out once or twice a week, and Bean's luncheon business has grown. "It's possible," the restauranteur says, "to come out and have dinner without too much expense... very little more than buying convenience foods."

Breakfast and luncheon are the big meals at Bean's. In winter the restaurant closes at 6:30 on weekdays, 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. In summer, it's 8 p.m. every night. Fridays and Saturdays are always good business times of course; Bean's is closed Sundays and most holidays. Winter weeknights the crowd is usually a few regulars—people who live alone. Ashley says, "My clientele is, conservatively, about 85% regulars. Even in summer, when we have a very good trade, the visitors come back often."

That's one of the very special aspects of Bean's Restaurant: "There

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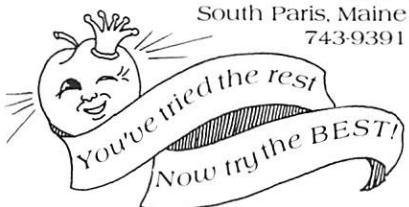
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are several factors, I think," he says. "I have a pretty special staff, most of them have been with me a long time. One of the first girls I ever hired is still with me. They know the customers, their likes and dislikes. It's like coming home, for the customers."

"Home style cooking has a certain attraction, too," he feels. Indeed, for Bean's, the home style food is a major factor in bringing people back again and again. There are the popovers every Tuesday. And fish chowder, daily ("I got forced into that," Bean chuckles). Then they have another, different soup every day. And bread and muffins are made right there by Ginny Milton, a veteran of the restaurant staff, and by Ashley—who was trained by Annie Holt, their first cook. They still cook and mash their own real potatoes in Bean's kitchen, too, never instant. All of these extra special touches require someone—usually the owner himself—to be in the kitchen by about 4:30 every morning to be ready for the 6 a.m. opening. And that is since the purchase of new equipment; it used to be 3 a.m.

Since 1974 when Chandler Briggs retired from the business, Bean has been running the restaurant himself. The four grown children which he and his wife Ginny raised have been in and out of the business, as have the two Briggs offspring. Ashley's daughter Debbie probably worked there longest, but she's in Florida now, so his youngest, Barbie, is the only one left helping him. He rather hopes she'll stay in the business and assume more of the responsibility of running it. Ashley's thinking of cutting back a little, after thirty-five years serving food.

He doesn't think anyone would be interested in buying a restaurant now, with prices being what they are: "I know I'd hate to start out with these interest rates. It used to be thought 'If you can't do anything else, start a restaurant.' But today, you couldn't begin to set up even a basic lunchroom operation for less than \$100,000. Not with microwaves, convection ovens, and all. The standards of sanitation are stricter, too—for instance, hand dishwashing is impossible today."

Also there is the boom in eating establishments and take-out places making it hard for the older

restaurants. "We have to run fast to stand in the same place. There's a proliferation in pizza and sandwich shops in all the little markets. It makes it difficult." Yet still Bean's Restaurant attracts its regulars.

Ashley Bean wants young families with children to feel they can eat out there "without having to mortgage the house." But with the economic situation, trying to maintain his price structure is particularly frustrating.

He is affected most by the tremendous overhead increase. It bothers him: "I hate it terribly. Prices are outrageous. Every time I've priced the menu, I've whittled my margin 'til there's nothing left to whittle. Oil, electricity, insurance hurt more than food costs. Increased wages, social security, unemployment, workmen's comp—which you want to give your employees—they are tremendous items.

"The fun has almost gone out of business when you have to watch every nit-picking thing. Even our monogrammed napkins have gone from a half-cent to 3¢ apiece. Everything that makes the business what it is has gone up. To cut back is to cut into service.

"We plunged in blind. If I had known as much when I bought it as I know now, I don't know as (Roy White) would have been able to give me the place!"

And yet, the calm, friendly man is not discouraged. Though business is more difficult, he still chooses to serve the best food, in the friendliest manner, with the best staff. He encourages young people to train at Bean's. He likes to start with sophomores in high school, trains them for a year and then they work for a couple of years. It's good experience for them and they frequently return later. "I don't worry too much about what the world is coming to. There were bad apples in my generation, and there are in this. But most of the kids I see are very good."

Ashley Bean has practiced very well his determination in 1945 to be happy and contented with basic living and good nourishment. So, at his restaurant in Market Square, the food is hearty and the people are like family.

N.M.

Food For Thought

by Lucia Owen

Herbs To Eat

At places like Stonehenge ancient man measured the seasons by the length of shadows and the angle of the sun's rising. In cities these days the monoliths are so huge and so lack order that the sun can hardly be seen at all, let alone measured. By the time the sunlight hits the pavements, it has been somehow used up from bouncing off all the glass. Maybe part of our national malaise comes from not keeping track of where the sun is. The old rituals at the solstices and equinoxes kept man exactly aware of where things stood. Everyone who has lived in Maine has his rituals for measuring the lengthening days. (Who really needs to measure shortening ones?)

Spring rituals mean seeing how long you can sit on the back porch in the afternoon, when the shadow of the lilac bush goes only halfway up the barn door, and when the plants in the house start to straighten up instead of hurling themselves wildly against the southern windows. The long days before the summer solstice make all the herbs turn sincerely and definitely green.

My husband remembers his grandmother cooking with very few herbs—sage, savory, and bay, with perhaps some parsley or mint in season. He admits he's come a long way from his grandmother's kitchen, where dinner was eaten at 4:30; where new tastes, if they were thought of at all, were slightly suspect; and where gloxinias grew in coffee cans. Most New Englanders have come a long way, too. As a result of this expansion of culinary horizons, so to speak, our house rule about plants is that they must be edible to warrant sill space.

Now a rosemary shrub, more suitable in a young hedge, sits on one window, while the oregano is becoming a bush and the tarragon needs a bigger pot. To my delight the parent tarragon has survived a number of winters and madly spreads every spring. The one in the house grew from a piece of root I potted out of curiosity, really. Sage, chives, thyme, and marjoram fill up the rest of my rather limited space. There's also the parsley. Plain and Italian flat-leaved varieties make a surprisingly pretty replacement for ferns or swedish ivy. One good potful of each kind, either dug in the fall or started inside from seed, will last two years. I have a more-or-less self-seeding more-or-less perennial parsley patch in the garden and on the windowsill, but they're a real money crop now as I look at the price of dried ones. Having them fresh is an added luxury after I dry the garden crop each fall. The next project is a bay—*laurus nobilis*, the catalogue says. The leaves will be handy for crowning victors or beef stews.

The house cooking rule has evolved along with the house planting rule: make it with what's there. The collection of on-hand ingredients, grown or bought, has therefore expanded dramatically. We regard such measures as pure Yankee in spirit, regardless of the ethnic origin of whatever might be cooking. The fresh herb collection insures a certain independence from the turning of the seasons. Some dishes require fresh herbs and are seriously compromised by using the dried. Making something in the middle of the winter that depends on fresh herbs is a species of freedom. In spring and summer, of course, the same dish is just plain delicious.

The only annual herb I grow inside is basil, which is for one dish and only one—pesto. (Well, a few leaves slip into tomato dishes now and then.) Pesto comes from the region around Genoa, and usually one taste is enough to make you an honorary Italian. It is essentially a puree of fresh (and only fresh) basil leaves, garlic, parmesan cheese, and olive oil that lifts pasta to the near-ambrosial. A Genoese friend even insists that a certain type of small-leaved basil must be used to make authentic pesto.

Pesto

large handful fresh basil leaves—be generous
1/4 cup walnuts (original recipe calls for pine nuts
but they are hard to find here and quite expensive)
1/4 tsp. salt | 1-2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
olive oil, up to about 1/2 cup | 1/2 cup grated parmesan

Put all the ingredients into a blender gradually, blending the mixture as you go. The puree should be thick. Add olive oil as necessary and finish by adding 3 Tbs. warm water. The final product should have the consistency of whipped cream, but shouldn't be totally smooth. Salt to taste and use immediately. The top will turn black if exposed to air for a short time. This can be prevented by pouring a thin film of olive oil over the surface of the pesto until you are ready to use it. Top with pasta, put a dollop into homemade vegetable soup or onto a baked potato. The results are amazing.

Both these recipes are unequivocally Italian. However, they are as authentic in their terms as cream of tartar biscuits are in theirs. Yankee cooking is an attitude as well as a regional cuisine, so if I base a dish on a plentiful basil crop, I'm perhaps "Yankee" in my soul.

Lucia Owen, writer, teacher, horsewoman, lives in Bethel.

Beef and Oregano



2-1/2 lb. beef that can be sliced
(top round, eye, chuck roast, etc.)
2 lb. ripe tomatoes or canned plum tomatoes,
juice reserved

1/4 cup olive oil, or the amount needed to fry beef
2 cloves garlic, crushed | 1/2 cup dry white wine
handful fresh oregano leaves, chopped (about 1/2 cup)

Slice beef thinly, place each slice between waxed paper and pound thin with the flat of a cleaver, a rolling pin, or a wooden mallet of some sort. If using fresh tomatoes, peel, seed, and chop them. If using canned, seed and chop after juice is poured off. Heat oil in large frying pan, brown garlic cloves and then discard them. Brown meat on both sides in same oil; remove and keep slices warm. Add tomatoes to same pan, season with salt, pepper, and oregano. Add wine and cook over moderate heat until sauce thickens. (Tomatoes should not be reduced to pulp if fresh.) Serve beef on shallow platter covered with tomato sauce. Serves 6.

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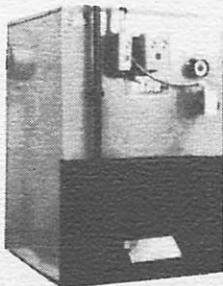
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THE TAILGUNNER

Fiction by Jack Burchfield

Death everywhere! Death to the right, flak exploding. Death to the left, Zeroes attacking. From above, Death, an ME-109E diving fearlessly. From below, Death, a climbing, Shark-like Stuka. Death in the smell of cordite. In empty shell casings rolling lazily on the bomber's deck, Death. With each shudder of the one-mighty fortress, Death. Japs diving. Huns strafing, Death everywhere.

The pilot squinted through the haze of smoke and bit on a long-dead cigar. The giant bomber lurched again against the expanding shock of nearby-flak. "Hank, go back and check on the kid. He's green, and probably scared. We need him to do the job with the tailgun."

The navigator crawled through the aft-tunnel, pausing with every shudder, fearing that the next would break apart the flying fortress.

"How's it going, Jackie? Hang in there, kid, we need you badly. They like to come out of the sun, Jackie, so you have to keep checking at two o'clock. Stay with it, kid."

The boy, in the nether-land between teenager and adult, scanned the skies for the enemy, with frightened, wide blue eyes.

The charming country estate in which she had lived for over fifty years was for sale. The town couldn't believe it. No one had been in the house in twenty years. Yet, to those "prospective buyers" who wished to look at the place came the firm reply that there were no guided tours. Agatha, with all her cats and mysterious ways, quite carefully screened those interested in the place. Six months passed. She did not seem in a hurry to sell.

"Some of my narcissus date back to 1917," she told them. "There are over fifty varieties along these borders. It all comes with the package," she chuckled quietly. "Let's go inside, shall we?"

They were a fine family of three, Agatha thought. They would be happy here, for a while at least. They must buy the house. She must make it attractive for them.

"Your piano could go here. I had an upright there many years ago. This room was called the Bamboo Room. When I gave parties I had the bar in here. Through this hallway are the guest bedrooms, another bath, and a separate entrance. Ideal for visiting relatives.

"Upstairs there are three more baths and ten rooms. Yes, this was my son's room. I've kept it just as it was the day he went away. No, no, the airplanes would stay. I insist upon that. Your son would love them, wouldn't you, darling?" My Jackie was fascinated with model airplanes. I remember how he used to lie here on his bed, look up at them, and tell me the names and specifications of each

and every one. Little Craig could have Jackie's room. Let's go down for a sherry and haggle about the price. Craig can stay and study the planes."

Agatha gazed fondly at Craig. Did she gaze too fondly?

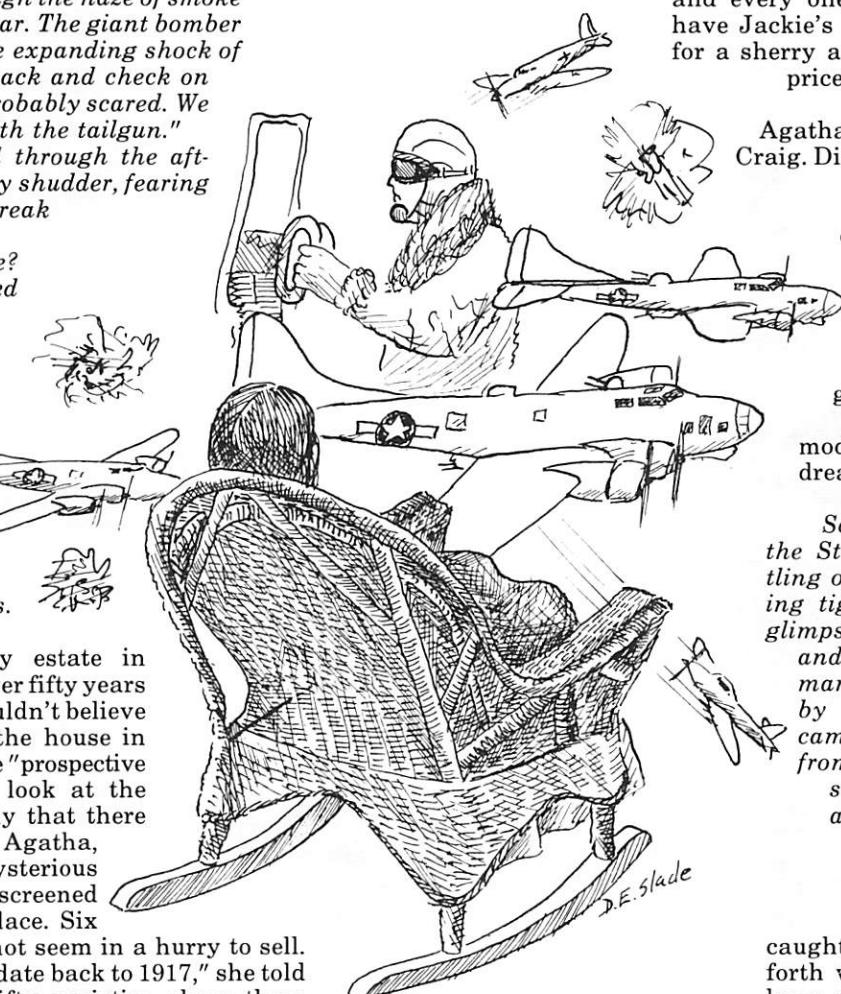
Plastic warfare, in gray, black, and olive drab, hung suspended in the still, quiet, imaginary air battle. The small boy, chin up and mouth gaping, gazed in wonderment from model plane to model plane, and dreamt dreams all of his own.

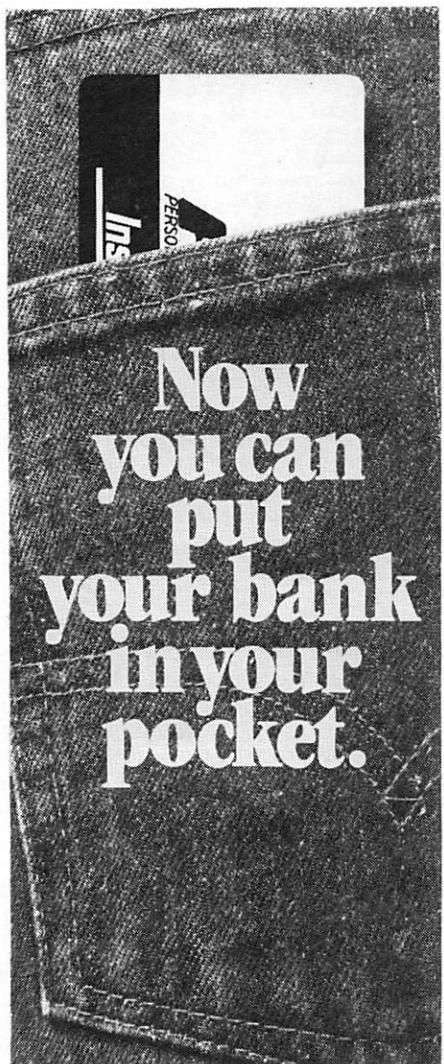
Screaming and diving, the Stuka flashed by, rattling off a salvo and banking tightly away. Barnett glimpsed a good tooth and and the smile of a German pilot as he streaked by portside. Too late came the stuttering reply from the tailgunner. A skyful of bastards, and I have a green kid for a tailgunner, thought Barnett.

The Orrefors crystal caught the sun and sparkled forth with diamonds, rainbows and rubies.

"Even when Jackie was with me, I often thought that it was foolish to run such a big house. We loved it here, though, and I know you will. Yes, I know the price is low, but I want you to live here. After fifty years, one does get fussy about one's home.

"Yes, the greenhouse is lovely. Jackie and I started all of the garden seedlings in there and grew many of our perennials from seed. Jackie loved to plant things . . . that is, when he wasn't building model airplanes."





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From deep in the night, long ago, a little boy's cry. With footsteps in panic, running, running away from un-nameable fears, he ran to her room.

"Jackie, darling, everything is all right. Is it that same nightmare again, darling? Momma is here. No one is taking you away from Momma. Come now, Jackie, I'll tuck you in. Sweetheart, if the airplanes give you such bad dreams, maybe I should take them down. There, there, Jackie, go back to sleep."

Agatha had extracted the promise from them that their little boy would have Jackie's room. She insisted that they keep the riding mower, the garden equipment, and the sprayer for the orchard. Her generosity seemed boundless. She suggested that they see the stables. She would look in on Craig. Agatha climbed the stairs to Jackie's bedroom.

She found the boy staring up at the planes. She regarded him as one might a precious commodity.

"Hello, dearest . . . yes, that is a beauty, isn't it? That one is called a B-29. Its nickname, I think, was the Flying Fortress. Craig, dear, please come sit on my lap. There isn't much time. I want to make you a promise, my darling. I promise you that if you always sleep in this room, you will get to fly in a plane just like that someday. Yes, a real plane, and even get to shoot a gun. Yes, I promise. But you have to promise me something, too. Listen carefully, Craig, please listen.

"Tell them you're Jackie's replacement, Craig. Tell them to send him home. He needs a rest; you're taking over for him, tell them. You may not get to go for ten years, Craig, but remember, tell them to send me back my Jackie." □



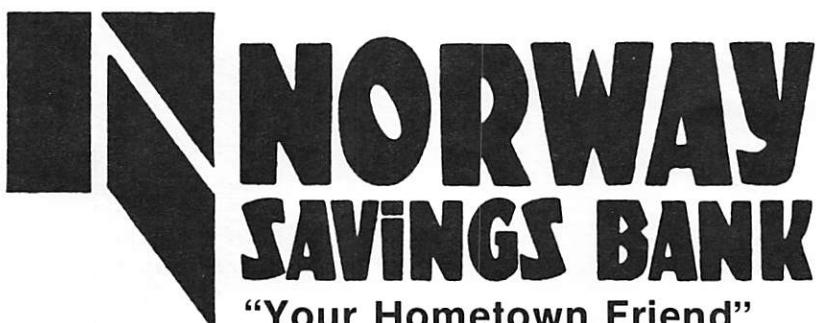
You Don't Say

DEFINITIONS

State of Mainer: (1) a native-born resident of Maine; (2) any full-time resident of Maine.

Mainiac: native-born Mainer who has moved outside the state.

*Dr. William Tacey
Pittsburgh, Penn.*



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Heading Out

THE SMALL-BOAT SAILOR

by Albert Wescott

"A sailboat is a bottomless hole in the water, down which one throws endless amounts of dollar bills. And racing one of the damn things is about ten times more expensive than that."

That's the evaluation of a friend who owns a thirty-footer, and enters such races as the odd Bermuda event.

Ocean racing is expensive—prohibitively so for many, who can't afford the countless "go-fasts" that money buys.

That's probably the reason that racing small "one-design" boats is rapidly gaining popularity. (One-design boats are boats built to the same specifications and carry nearly-identical equipment. They range from the sophisticated Olympic Stars and Flying Dutchmen to the commonly-seen Sunfish. Most are designed to be raced by a crew of two, others by a single sailor.)

There is at least one group of small, one-design sailors who race every weekend in the Oxford Hills area. A group of about twenty sailors using Sunfish, Lasers, and Force Fives congregate weekly at North Pond in Locke Mills. When not racing there, they can usually be found on other nearby lakes, and sometimes on the ocean.

"Racing small sailboats single-handed is about as close as you can get to the true essence of the sport," says one competitor. "And when the race is over, you've got nobody to blame but yourself for the mistakes that kept you from winning."

Despite these words, the same skipper belongs to a group that is distinctly low-pressure. There are no entry fees, no official entry forms, and no high-powered officials running around wearing blue blazers with brass buttons. Yet some of the skippers have been duelling with each other for more than ten years.

"Basically, we have fun," says one.

Many of the folks who race these small craft also own larger sailboats. One skipper owns a classic 28-foot

sloop; another an interest in an over-thirty-foot ketch. Others own daysailers or weekenders, and some habitually charter offshore cruisers for a week or two each summer. Another works full-time in a nearby boatyard that builds state-of-the-art sailboats.

"But racing these small boats is about as exciting as you can get, especially when there's a real blow," claims one of the sailors. Which is probably true, because Sunfish races are regularly held in winds of up to 40 miles per hour—a velocity that keeps most other boats tied up in snug anchorages.

As in any competitive event, a basic understanding of the rules is imperative. Before the start of the race the boats collect behind the starting line (usually an imaginary line running between two buoys). By using a series of horn blasts and by raising or lowering special signal flags, the starter lets the skippers know how much time remains before the actual start. When the clock winds down to zero, the better sailors—or the most lucky—will be going full-tilt at the line.

Obviously, with a lot of boats sailing together in close proximity, everyone should know elementary right-of-way rules, in order to avoid collisions. These same rules also play a major part in a sailor's planning of his race, as one boat's position and course can often determine what other boats must do.)

"But," says Blaine Mills, the unofficial Commodore of the North Pond Sunfish Association, "we race on triangular courses, and that simplifies things. Some of these championship courses can get complicated."

On most race days the starting flag goes up at one o'clock and, depending on wind and weather, the group completes from four to six races by the end of the afternoon.

In addition to the standard Sunday afternoon races on North Pond, this

year's schedule calls for races to be held at Robillier's Resort on Lake Christopher, and one each on Indian Pond, Pennessewassee Lake in Norway, and one more off Harpswell on the coast.

Anyone wanting more information about the group's activities could contact Mills at 875-2893. Or, sailors could merely show up at North Pond on a Sunday afternoon. There are always plenty of hands to help get boats rigged and in and out of the water.

And always plenty of competition on the water, as well.

Wescott, English teacher at Oxford Hills High School is a well-known local sportsman and writer.



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*Offering you
a look at some of the best places to eat out in western Maine:*

A Dining Guide

The Artemus Ward House—the charmingly refurbished birthplace of Charles Farrar Browne, 19th century humorist, in the lovely village of Waterford—a registered National Historic Place. Enjoy English delicacies for afternoon tea, 3-5 daily except Tuesday. Bed and breakfast also available.

phere and the finest in German and American cuisine. You will find an unusual European-style outdoor cafe and weekend entertainment located on Route 26 in Bryant Pond and open daily from 12 noon to 10 p.m., Sunday through Thursday, and until 1 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Weekend reservations are recommended; to telephone them on the last of the old hand-crank telephone systems in the country, dial operator and ask for Bryant Pond 100.

Bean's Restaurant—A family-style restaurant in Market Square, South Paris, where regulars return often for **home-style chowders, desserts, muffins and breads.** Daily and monthly specials. Open every day but Sunday 6 a.m.-8 p.m.

The Bellringer—located in the renovated historic Caswell House across from Long Lake in the "Friendly Village" of Harrison. Omelets of all kinds, steak, and seafood are specialties. Sandwiches are available until 11 p.m. Ice Cream Shoppe attached.

The Chef's Table—everything from soup and a sandwich to a full course meal is offered here in the cozy, pine-panelled restaurant on Route 26 in Norway. **Steak, seafood, Italian food are specialties**, and cocktails are served. The Chef's Table is open seven days a week: Friday and Saturday 11-11; Sunday-Thursday 11-9 p.m. Monday through Friday you'll find daily luncheon specials; weekend specials are available Friday and Saturday after 5 p.m. and all day Sunday. Call 743-8342.

The Chick-a-Dee Restaurant—
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specialty of the house is **fried clams**.
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mountains from the Norway/South
Paris area, and just two miles from
Lake Auburn. Open 10 a.m. every day
except Tuesday.

The Cornish Country Inn—a new name for an old tavern on Route 25 in Cornish. The former 19th century inn is under new ownership and is open Monday through Saturday 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. (closed Weds.) Call them at 625-3953 to find out about special nights.

The Country Way—right near the Norway-Paris line, this restaurant features its famous smorgasbord daily from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and



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The Boiler Room—built in the restored powerhouse of an early 19th century mill, the Boiler Room Restaurant on the shores of Lake Christopher offers an unique atmos-



AS I SEE IT

Some think that beauty has its apogee in comely youth, with age discredited: but nothing is more beautiful to me than Grandma in the kitchen baking bread.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden

to Western Maine

nightly from 5-9; Sundays 11-6. Closed all day Monday. The Saturday special is always **Prime Rib of Beef**, 5-9 p.m. (Dress Code in effect on weekends; evening entertainment.) Call them at 743-2387 for reservations or to inquire about their banquet facilities for 200.

Jordan's Restaurant—an authentic Yankee restaurant on Route 26 in Locke Mills at the road leading to Mt. Abram. Daily specials like veal or liver-and-onions are reasonably priced. Jordan's gives you **homemade bread and pastries, your favorite beverage, and take-out service**. Call them at 875-3515; they're open 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day but Wednesday.

Martha's Restaurant—where friends and family meet for dining satisfaction, on Lower Main Street in Bethel. Martha's is a family-owned an operated restaurant with over 30 years' experience at pleasing their customers with features like home-style cooking, **homemade soup and chowders, bread and pastries**. Open Tuesday through Sunday, closed Monday. Telephone 824-2175.

Minnie's Food Shop—Minnie is a familiar person to many in South Paris—her restaurant is "the friendly place in the friendly square." **Barbeque chicken** has long been a specialty of the house, but Minnie also offers full-course dinners, sandwiches, and homemade pastries.

Mothers'—*Skiing* magazine called Mothers' "the most delightful interior of any public building in Maine." Located squarely in the midst of the scenic village of Bethel, this green and white gingerbread house (Tel. 824-2589) gives you dining pleasure amid parlor wood stoves, lots of books, and **homemade foods with a gourmet touch**. Mothers' has a liquor license and offers dinner specials including lobster on weekends. Open seven days a week from 12 noon until late.

Positively Maine Street—offering the finest in food, grog, and

entertainment in South Central Maine, PMS serves daily luncheon (Sunday-Friday 11:30-2:00 p.m.) and dinner (beginning at 5) specials. The distinctive "Trolley Lounge" with its quiet atmosphere offers its own nightly specials, with entertainment Tuesday through Saturday. The 300-person capacity "Express Room Lounge" is a great place for weddings, banquets, seminars, and private parties; it also features the finest in entertainment. **The PMS Express**—a 14-piece big band—every Wednesday evening 8-11 p.m. in June, July, and August.

Stone Ridge—This beautiful building on Route 25 in Cornish features a **salad bar, your favorite beverage, and delicate specials like Shrimp Scampi and Filet of Sole Almondine**. Call them at 625-3250.

Switzer-Stubli—This dining room at the Tarry-a-While Resort on Ridge Road in Bridgton is open to the public. Located across from the Bridgton Highlands Golf course, the gracious room with its big windows facing a sparkling view of Highland Lake features **Cordon Bleu, Beef Bourguignonne, Rabbit, Bratwurst, and Swiss specialties like Raclette and Swiss Pastries**. Opening June 20th, it's air-conditioned and offers breakfast from 8-9, Luncheon 1-2, and Dinner 6-8. There's even a real Swiss chef.

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Looking toward upper Guard Lock from Route 35

The Colorful Days of the Cumberland-Oxford Canal

by Jack C. Barnes

Motorists who drive Route 35 between Sebago Lake Village and North Windham cross a steel bridge that spans a wide stream with clear water that flows almost as straight as an arrow between high embankments lined with a sundry variety of conifers and deciduous trees. The dark trees arch as gracefully as gymnasts, trailing their branches in the water and casting silhouettes over the placid surface. The scene is most lovely in early autumn when the maples become flamboyant and a kaleidoscope of colors seems to flow with the stream like watercolors over the surface of a painting. To the discerning there may appear to be something artificial about this particular body of water that flows down from beautiful Lake Sebago near White's Bridge in Standish and heads toward Gorham. Fewer and fewer people seem to be aware, however, that this is the longest stretch remaining (in an almost pristine condition) of Maine's best-known canal—the Cumberland and Oxford—completed in 1830.

As early as 1791 interest had been manifested in constructing a waterway that would link Portland with Maine's second largest body of water—including a vast network of streams, smaller lakes, and ponds which encompass an area of approximately 500 square miles. Entrepreneurs realized the value of the extensive virgin forests along the shores of Sebago and adjacent bodies of water. There were scattered farms and small hamlets dotting the hinterlands of the Sebago Lake region (then a part of Massachusetts); but, because wagon roads were

almost nonexistent between Portland and those outlying areas in the 18th Century, it was extremely difficult for farmers and craftsmen to convey their produce and products to the Portland market to exchange for the staples that were necessary for their survival.

A committee was actually formed to explore the feasibility of constructing a canal from the lower half of Sebago Lake along the Presumpscot River so that "products of the country could be brought to the falls of the Saccarappa (Westbrook) from a distance of 60 miles."

In 1795 the General Court of Massachusetts granted a group of investors from Portland an act of incorporation as the Cumberland Canal Company—"uniting the waters of the Presumpscot with those of Fore River at Portland."

Although funds were raised for the proposed project, they proved to be insufficient. The company's problems were compounded by the Napoleonic War, Jefferson's subsequent Embargo Act which nearly wrought economic ruin upon New England, and the ensuing undeclared war against France. Madison's Non-Intercourse Act—which eventually led to our declaration of war against England in 1812—temporarily curtailed any grandiose designs to actually begin the construction of a canal.

With the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, the War of 1812 came to a close. For the first time our youthful nation had gained a degree of respect from the major European nations. A feeling of optimism sprang up. Americans became imbued with a growing sense of nationalism, enhanced by the writings of Bryant, Cooper, and Irving; and by landscape artists such as those of the Hudson River School. Our embryonic industries were gathering momentum. There was an ever-increasing demand for better roads and transportation that would link together all sections of our expanding nation.

In 1825 the Erie Canal, or the "Big Ditch," was completed, marking the culmination of the aspirations of a group of leaders in New York State that dated back as early as 1780. The opening of the Erie Canal became a catalyst that set off a canal building craze beyond the imagination of even the most avid canal enthusiasts of the early nineteenth century.

The interest generated by the early founders of the Cumberland Canal had regenerated shortly after Maine separated from Massachusetts in 1820. In 1821 Maine's new legislators granted a charter to a corporate group for the purpose of constructing a canal from Waterford to the Fore River. The Cumberland and Oxford Canal Corporation was born; moreover, the Canal Bank, one of Western Maine's most successful banks, was chartered by 1825 with a capital of \$300,000 to hold the securities for the proposed canal.

Upon the recommendation of Governor DeWitt Clinton of New York, Holmes Hutchinson, who had been the chief engineer of the Erie Canal, was selected to take charge of the construction of the canal. His estimate of the total cost of the project was \$130,804.99—a figure that would later prove to be much too low.

The initial meeting of the shareholders convened at the Portland Court House November 27, 1823. At this time the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Company was formally organized and the officers elected.

The Board of Directors was made up of the leading citizens of Portland and surrounding rural communities.

In an effort to raise \$50,000 of the needed money, the State of Maine authorized the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery. Although many problems ensued involving the lottery and it was not really successful, it is interesting to note that a deacon of the Baptist Church in Oxford—Cyrus Shaw—won a \$5,000 prize. Perhaps to ease his conscience, he donated part of this sum to the building of a new Baptist Church in his town.

The actual construction of the twenty-mile stretch of canal between Stroudwater and Sebago Lake proved to be a prodigious task. Topographically, White's Bridge is about 265 feet above tidewater. Thus it was necessary to construct locks—twenty-seven of them, each 80 feet long and with a 10-foot clearance—to raise the boats going up (ten feet at each lock) and lower them coming down from Sebago. The twenty-eighth lock, constructed to bypass the rapids on the Songo, continues to operate today and serves as a model to indicate how most of the others were constructed and functioned.

The laborious task of constructing the canal was begun in 1825. Much manpower was required since the land had to be cleared with axes and the digging had to be performed with the simple pick and spade. (It would seem likely that oxen and horses were also used to pull scoops to facilitate the excavating, but I have no proof of this).

Most of the labor was supplied by Irish immigrants who had left during the Potato Famine. It was a raucous crowd that suddenly invaded the bucolic landscape from Stroudwater

to Windham and Standish. Flimsy shanties mushroomed along the route of the proposed canal, several families often sharing one small shanty.

Solid rock was blasted out by the use of gunpowder since dynamite had not yet been invented. If one takes a quiet stroll along the canal from Route 35 to the Sebago Basin and the site of Upper Guard Locks, he/she will very likely take note of several huge piles of granite stones in the woods to the right of the canal—a permanent reminder of the obstacles that had to be overcome.

The channel was dug to allow for a thirty foot width from bank to bank at the surface and ten feet at the bottom. The average depth was three and a half feet. Since the canal boats were to be pulled by horses, a towpath had to be constructed wide enough for the horses to pass going in opposite directions. As an economy measure, the engineer rather ingeniously designed the canal to follow the contours of the land, capitalizing on the high ground whenever possible to form a natural bank on one side, thus eliminating the cost of constructing more than one towpath.

The canal was finally completed in 1830. Since the final cost of the canal was \$206,000, almost double the original estimate, the Canal Company was forced to seek financial aid from the Canal Bank in the form of two separate mortgages in 1829. A third mortgage was executed on October 6, 1830, providing the Canal Company with \$30,000 to complete the project as far as Sebago. From the very beginning, however, the Company was burdened with loans amounting to \$73,500 that were subject to high interest rates of between seven and eight percent. Consequently, a proposed canal that would have linked Harrison with Thomas Pond (now Keoka) in Waterford and a second branch canal of about twenty miles that would have extended as far as Hebron were never undertaken. Although the canal system never actually reached Oxford County, farmers in the Waterford, Norway, and South Paris area were able to haul their produce to Harrison, for example, and ship it to Portland.

(Next month:
Journey down the Canal)

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The children at top were Alice Horne (who died at age 18) and a young Vivian Akers. The lovely young lady below is not known, but the woman leaning on the "rock" is Mrs. W. Wood; next to her is Miss Lettie Murch. The young man on the opposite page is James Favor; then Mrs. Hugh Pendexter; Will Sweatt and son. Below right, a salesman, Will Twombly.



A Minnie Libby

She came to town and she took the town. And the town loved being taken, for the way she "took" the inhabitants was with her big, imposing studio camera. Before many years went by she had become so expert in her profession that she could have made a good living in a settlement much larger than Norway, Maine.

Minnie E. Libby was born in 1863 in Waterford, in the hilly, scenic part known as Blackguard, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram L. Libby. While she was still young the family moved to Norway Village and acquired a house at 17 Deering Street. Hiram was an expert blacksmith and carriage maker and his shop was probably between his house and Pearl Street.

While still a teenager Minnie became fascinated by cameras and what could still be done with them, and decided that she would become a serious photographer. Her parents were supportive—so much so that in 1886 her father set her up in business as a commercial photographer in a shop at 3 Deering Street. He bought her a bulky Anthony & Scovill camera with a three-inch lens that came from Paris, France, and Minnie was ready for business.

We wish we could know who her first customer was and just how long it took for her to get going, but we don't. However, it is evident from the many old Libby photos in this area that within a very few years, "Miss Libby's" became the place to go for

family, children, wedding, and graduation pictures. Her first business card featured five-year-old Bert Hosmer as a little fisherman sitting on a river bank with a pole and a big smile. The first bare-bottomed baby to sit for her was Vivian Akers, who was born the year she started in business.

People weren't the only subjects Minnie photographed. With a small camera she went out into the country and took the lakes, hills, and mountains. Also stone walls, and especially apple trees in full bloom. She often tinted these scenic prints as well as prints of flowers, and she sold them. They were done so expertly that they could pass as watercolors. Lake Pennesseewassee was a much-taken subject, as was the old arch Crockett's Ridge bridge. So was the famous steamboat named for the lake, built and captained by Minnie's good friend, Captain Edmund Ames. She was a complete photographer, not a studio-bound one.

Around 1915 Miss Libby moved from her Deering Street location and set up on Cottage Street in her "Cottage Studio." This occupied part of the present national bank parking lot, close to the Keniston house. It was here than many of us older people living today remember Minnie so well. And it's safe to say that we considered her a character. Why did we? Well, most unusual—and to many people, shocking—Miss Libby wore pants. Men's knee pants. Knickers, we called them, and they





Photo Album

were part of her habitual attire. We doubt that as an adult person she ever appeared on the streets of Norway wearing a dress or a skirt.

With her pants she wore a man's shirt, a flowing bow tie, knee-length stockings, and comfortable shoes. Her brown hair was always tousled and kept rather short and she walked with a hint of a swagger in her gait. In short, Minnie Libby was a liberated woman, a woman ahead of her time. A free soul.

And her business prospered, no doubt about that. For a few years she had a branch studio (or office) in Harrison. She also may have had a branch in Portland for a time, as we have a studio portrait of a lady with the trade label "Carbonetter—by—Miss Libby, Portland, Me."

Over the years Minnie earned more than a few claims to modest fame. Captain Ames in oilskins and so'wester posed for her with an "unconscious" girl in his arms he'd saved in a "shipwreck." The picture won a prize in a Boston salon. She snapped her father reading a paper in his easy chair with his pet cat on his lap and the photo was purchased by the *Boston Journal* to use in its own advertisements. Its effect of diffused light was remarkable for a backwoods photographer at the time it was taken.

Miss Libby's top recognition came in 1941 when an issue of *Life Magazine* devoted two and a half pages to her and some of her photos, featuring her as a noteworthy small-

town photographer. Among the many photos they printed from her files were those of Ed Cummings, Vivian Akers, George and Freeland Howe, Bert Hosmer, Jim Favor, and other local folks at different stages in their lives. The article praised Miss Libby as an accomplished photographer and as a recorder of over fifty years of the town's history in pictures. It was a rare honor for an unassuming, self-taught lady camera buff who never sought fame but just did the best she knew how with her big, old camera, her subjects, and her lighting.

She was always "Miss" Libby and that's apparently just what she wanted to be. Never did we hear of her being romanced by a suitor and she certainly didn't dress to attract the opposite sex. But love is many things and her life was not without it. She was very devoted to her parents and they to her, and she was very close with Vivian Akers.

Vivian spent many an hour in her studio as a boy and as a youth, and she photographed him from the time he was a baby until he was a gray-haired successful artist. We feel that Miss Libby considered him as the beloved son she would never have. It's no secret that she taught Vivian much about photography and sketching and painting, and one can easily imagine the pride she must have felt as Vivian matured as a fine painter and became known far beyond their home town.

Until a few years ago we didn't

by Harry C. Walker



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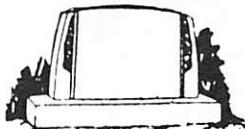
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A hand-tinted panorama of Norway Lake; Mrs. Fred Hosmer and Abbie Curtis.

know that Miss Libby was almost as good at oil and watercolor painting as she was at photography.

Quite by accident we discovered some of these works and our respect for her talents grew even more. Art was certainly the biggest thing in her life—her one enduring, burning passion.

Her watercolors are very well done, true to nature with good color control, and her oils are more than passably well done. She did mostly local Oxford County scenes, sometimes painting out in the country with Vivian Akers. Many of these works are not signed, unfortunately, an error that no artist should be guilty of. It's possible Minnie felt that her paintings were not good enough to claim with a signature when compared with those her friend Vivian turned out. But we rate them good and worth collecting and we know many who agree with us—including Richard G. Durnin of Norway Center, an ardent fan of Miss Libby's and a discerning art collector.

The most important oil painting she ever did is, no doubt, the one that has hung for decades in the lobby of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. Mr. Hopkins, so we've been told, was a Greenwood boy who made good in the hotel business but couldn't get over being a bit homesick for his home town. So he asked Miss Libby to paint a certain Greenwood scene for him, and she complied. We hope the painting still hangs in its place.



Miss Libby left us a legacy of which we all can be proud: thousands of interesting studio photos of our ancestors and other people of the past of this area, plus hundreds of tinted photos of flowers and country scenes, and scores of watercolors and oils.

She passed on in 1947 at the age of eighty-four and was laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery. We don't know what's on her stone, but the inscription should say: "Here lies a free soul and a true artist, one who loved humanity and nature beyond compare."

"Minnie Libby: A Retrospective" a showing of her photos and paintings will be presented by the Western Maine Art Group, July 28-August 16 at the Matolcsy Art Center, Norway

Pleasant Valley Ponies

by Gloria Hadley

People who notice the similarity of size and color among the ponies ask such questions as "Where did you find such a hitch?" or "Is a pony that color easy to find?" or "Will any pony that color fit?"

We relate the story of the hitch as follows: it all started with the leader pony, Prince, purchased for our son Lon to ride when he was small. That was almost eleven years ago and Prince, whether he works the shows next year or retires, will always have a home. The gallant pony with his proud personality was paired with Polly about two years after his arrival. Since the lead team is the better broken and in several cases the most important team of the hitch, Prince and Polly have always remained together.

Approximately three years later Fred and Popeye were purchased as a team and sold to our son Roger who drove them around the farm and in parades. Later when the team was for sale, they were bought back and the four-pony hitch that had been separately owned was now complete.

Fred and Popeye, however, were sold later on for financial reasons and the four hitch wasn't thought about again until Oxford County Fair, 1978. We had been asked to present a driving demonstration with four ponies. It was a dilemma. Fred and Popeye were traced to Jay where they were again for sale. Cash was short but the ponies were bought Saturday for Sunday's demonstration—four ponies together again after nine months and giving a demonstration. We were crazy, but we tried it and it worked.

Vowing to keep the hitch was a promise made to the ponies. Now we had four with life-long homes!

During the parade at Fryeburg Fair, 1978, Maurice and I met Jerry Guptill of West Baldwin. A common interest in ponies and pony hitches brought about a demonstration of the Maple View Farm ponies owned by Jerry and our Pleasant Valley Farm ponies at Fryeburg Fair in 1979. This demonstration of two, three, and four-pony hitches held between the draft horse halter classes in the inside pulling arena created interest among the spectators. In December of 1979 the Maine Pony Teamsters Association was founded, arising out of the interest in showing ponies for pleasure.

With classes opening up, now came the chore of finding more of these ponies the same size and the same color. Several were purchased and tried, but none seemed to fit until we found Sugar.

The size and disposition of Fred and Popeye were enough different that Sugar became the team partner of Fred. Popeye was driven with several different ponies throughout the spring of 1980 and it wasn't until just recently that "Fat" Pat (the last of several ponies



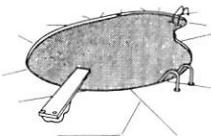
Your usual backyard pony? Not quite! These ponies are the life-long dream of their driver and co-owner Maurice Hadley who with his wife Gloria and their family have put together what is believed to be Maine's only six-pony hitch!



Above, left to right around the ponies: Gloria Hadley, Maurice Hadley, son Lon. Below: two of the frisky ponies

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named Pat) became the final choice for the team of six.

At present we have eight ponies—two of which are on a trial replacement basis. Why eight? Two reasons: first, both Prince and Polly are getting old and will eventually have to be retired from full-time use; second, the club started in December of 1979 has competition and premiums warranting enough ponies to drive in two multi-hitch classes. Maurice laughs when asked who drives the second four; his answer is "Gloria—and she quite often beats me!"

Fancy harness (shining with brass

and taking several hours to clean for each meet) and pretty wagons are all a part of the competition varying from driving to precision obstacle classes with all kinds of close calls and tip-over surprises to test the driver's skill make up an interesting day for participants and spectators alike.

The hitch as shown with Prince, Polly, Fred, Sugar, Pat and Pop will be having a busy schedule this summer. If you missed seeing them in a parade or at the fairs, keep watch—they may be in your town.



A tongue-in-cheek look at Down East Chauvinism on the highways:

For reasons of occupation, I have for a good number of years been living as an expatriate of the state of Maine, although let me hasten to add that I have no intention of ever surrendering my Maine passport. As I think back on my youth, passed in pleasant days never far from the banks of that most fragrant of rivers, the Androscoggin, I have many memories of the way of life that was Maine some thirty years ago. While most of my memories are pleasant ones, bringing to mind images of sparkling lakes nestled among pine-green hills, the sights and smells of tuna being landed at Bailey's Island, or the sharp taste of fresh apple cider in the fall, there is one disquieting emotion that stands out even today as forcefully as my first experience of it: the terror that welled up within me, on seeing during the summer months an automobile bearing an out-of-state license plate.

It has been many years since the out-of-state driver posed a serious threat to the well-being of Maine natives only during the summer, for with the coming of ski resorts, members of this malevolent automotive species may be found within the state at all seasons of the year.

In this brief essay, I should like to consider the phenomenon of the out-of-state driver as it is manifested in the person of the Massachusetts driver. What I shall say is, perhaps, equally applicable to drivers from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, or even, I suspect, Quebec. I have singled out the Massachusetts driver for examination not out of any particularly deep-seated sentiment of ill will toward him, but simply because some of my most terrifying childhood memories (which even today cause me an occasional nightmare) are of Massachusetts drivers.

When I was a small boy in Lewiston, tales of Massachusetts drivers were legendary. If a child in our neighborhood was very naughty, his mother never said, "The bogeyman will get you." Instead she

Out-of-State Drivers

What Maine child has not, at one time or another, run screaming into his mother's arms at the sight of a Massachusetts license plate?

had a far more chilling threat: "If you don't watch out, a Massachusetts driver will get you." And although a Massachusetts driver never actually got me, one did once force our car off the road, causing me to spill and squash a basket of carefully picked strawberries all over the back seat. Indeed, what Maine child has not, at one time or another, run screaming into his mother's arms at the sight of a Massachusetts license plate?

At Lewiston High School in my day, we had a compulsory course called "Defense Against The Massachusetts Driver," which taught us what to do when we had the misfortune to meet, or rather, to be run into by a member of that dread species. Mostly, however, it dealt with how to avoid them. The first rule, of course, was never to go to Massachusetts, where one would have to tangle with the enemy on his own highways, or battlegrounds, as they are called there. During the summer, when both proper and improper

Bostonians thronged into the state, we were advised, if driving, to pull up to the side of the road, abandon our cars, and camouflage ourselves as cows if we spotted a Massachusetts car approaching. (This latter rule was changed when it was discovered that out-of-state drivers were shooting Maine drivers disguised as cows and bringing them home as deer.) If we were walking, we were instructed to run for cover behind the strongest barricade available.

In later years, when it was my misfortune to be forced by the demands of geography to drive through Massachusetts, I remember bracing myself for the onslaught that was sure to come as soon as I crossed the frontier. And sure enough, the moment that I was unsafely within the borders of Massachusetts, it was as if a signal had been given. Automobiles at once began to dart and swerve from lane to lane and to cut suddenly in front of me without signalling. Once, in the face of these dangers, I spotted a state policeman parked by the side of the road and stopped to complain. However, he merely laughed in my face and gave me a ticket when he discovered that my brakes were in working order. Later I learned that competence in such maneuvers was required in order to obtain a Massachusetts driver's license. There was also a rumor current in those times that all of the careful drivers in the state had been arrested for "proceeding with due caution" and were confined to high security prisons under life sentences.

While I could continue on in this vein indefinitely, I do not wish to bore the reader unnecessarily with matters that, I am well aware, are relics of the past and mere faint memories of days when drivers, both natives and out-of-staters, lacked the courtesy and restraint now so evident on the state's well-disciplined highways.

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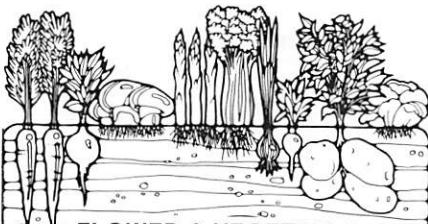
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The ability to use words is supposed to separate us from other living creatures. And so we pay a lot of attention to words, and put a high value on them. But I'm struck by our dependency upon signs; upon substitutes for words. When it comes to these, we're no different from our animal companions, for they're as busy using and interpreting signs as we are.

I once had the great pleasure of visiting a family who did nothing but sign. I should write family with an exclamation point—family! For there were Joe and Wilma and friend Gert, and the daughter Susan and her baby daughter Wilma and niece Alice. And a horse named "Come-on." And three dogs: a boxer, a hound, and a chihuahua. And several cats.

Joe, Wilma, and Gert were deaf and always had been. So the conversation got done through the international sign language of the speechless. Susan translated for me because, I am sorry to say, I don't sign.

They were having dinner and everyone was talking. The baby was inclined to spoon food everywhere and Alice had assumed the responsibility of monitoring this bent. When it got outrageous, she'd tell Wilma, who sat nearest her granddaughter. But how tell Wilma, particularly when Wilma's attention was elsewhere, watching someone's signs? You couldn't call her name, because she was deaf. So Alice pounded a hand on the table. The vibrations were felt by Wilma, who then turned her head. Alice pointed to baby. Wilma spooned dinner off baby's bib and back into baby's mouth.

The vibrations were a sign, and one widely relied upon among the deaf. Thumping, and the attendant vibrations, is a sign that communicates a wish to communicate; rather like a cleared throat among people who hear.

And the wonder of it was that the dogs had figured this out, too. What's a dog to do if he wants out of the house in a household full of deaf persons? Barking gets it nowhere. What the boxer, hound, and chihuahua did was sign: they

SIGNS

thumped a paw or tail on the floor. Someone would sense the vibrations and open the door.

Our use of signs frequently takes place where the spoken word can't be used; where distance, noise, or absence, for example, intervene.

In the case of distance I'm thinking of the curious sign used among lobstermen as a way of saying hello to another passing boat. The lobsterman waves with both arms raised. Quite often the lobsterman will actually step away from the controls and may even walk to the stern in order to make this two-armed wave, even when the boat is under way.

Why two arms? Well, no one will ever know for sure, but I think it reflects the fact that lobstermen tend to look like they're waving when they're not. The business of yarning the rope off the winchhead, and the business of picking and baiting the traps involves a great lot of quick hard work that could easily be mistaken for a wave, or a whole series of them. So, in order to really wave and not be mistaken, the lobsterman stands away from his work and waves with both arms. A stranger to the scene could find this odd—is this a call for help? But fishermen understand and will often respond with two raised arms. It says hello. It also seems to say all's well, and sometimes even yippee!

Sawmills are another location where people quickly resort to signing. Some of the signs are of general use, not specific to sawmills; such as a finger drawn across the throat to say "Stop" or "Shut off the machinery." Other signs involve the particularities of the mill. The chain which carried the slabs away not infrequently slipped off its drum. This occasioned an immediate need for someone to alert the sawyer to stop sawing, else the men at the end of the mill would shortly be up to their ears in slabs. One stood still in some fairly visible place until the sawyer spotted you (sawyers are disturbed to see people standing still) and then you pointed out toward the slab pile and made a circular motion with the hands, followed by a downward cut

that more or less suggested something falling. If this didn't suffice, you might add the finger to the throat. And if you were particularly peeved, you might add other signs as well—a heel of the hand to the forehead, for example, as needed.

The thumb and forefinger do a lot of the work, but the face, of course, is also an important vehicle for messages: the wink, the smile, the frown, the protruded tongue, the sneer, the raised eyebrow. Signing in this area starts very early among humans. Having vast importance is the mother's smile to the baby, and even vaster is the occasion when baby smiles back. Household pets and domestic animals read human facial signs as well, although tone of voice, another sort of sign, is probably more important. My father had a cat that loved squirrel hunting. The moment the cat saw my father pick up a rifle, the cat lofted its tail and paced about, tense-tendoned and raring to go, beaming encouraging looks and so on. Hounds, of course, will act the same way.

Just as we seek to read someone's



ON THE WAY

one thing leads to another
like a path
found among bushes
a space here
and there
followed thinking
perhaps it is a game path
or one taken
urged along
by the ache of full udders
or a way taken
by young boys
feet pressed bare against the earth
perhaps it is that
or maybe only spaces
where the trees refuse to grow
where the soil is thin
and low moss and grasses
hug the earth
regardless
i push through
knowing there are no new paths
but only new ways
to step among the spaces

*Judith Firth-Kaber
West Farmington*

face or body-language as an expression of intentions, we watch nature for the same reasons. Farmers, and fishermen even more so, want to know what the weather means to do; and one can, and should, get good at it. I remember, though, the case of an old-timer we called "Blazes" or "Good Lord," after his two favored exclamations. Blazes was a reliable weather forecaster, but in exact reverse. He'd look at the signs—incoming clouds, direction of wind, presence of haze, and then pronounce. And the wonder of it was that Blazes was always wrong. Whatever he predicted, you could always expect the opposite to occur.

One keeps track of the change of seasons by the signs, of course—the arrival of migratory birds, the emergence of fiddleheads in the brook bottoms. But many people have a tree or a shrub which they watch as a gauge; the date of bloom or leafing out says whether the season is advanced or retarded. The Indians knew the value of this. It was time to plant corn when oak leaves were the size of a mouse's ear. I would guess this was basically an indication of soil temperature, and as such was as good as any soil thermometer.

And other signs? Road signs have become more sign and less written information. Where one used to see "Steep Hill" one now encounters the painted silhouette of a truck pointed down a steep incline. And we all know about having to "sign on the line." At one time this deed often did get effected with a sign—an "X" which was his or her mark. Signing of this kind is rather fascinating, because of its considerable significance: the "X" says "so and so feels that he or she understands what this document means and is willing to commit himself or herself to abiding by that meaning, and to express that commitment hereby makes this sign." It has a kind of solemn quality about it that must reach down to something basic in our natures.

Signing is basic to our natures, a skill that seems inborn as much as learned. Talking is how we relate to our fellow humans; but signs, the reading as well as the making of, is how we connect to the rest of the world.

John Meader of Buckfield is a full-time farmer and a part-time writer.

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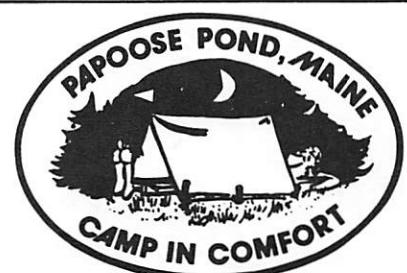
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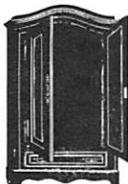
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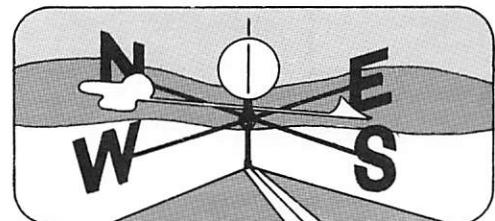
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Jay's Journal

by Jay Burns



Ah, it's June at long last. All those things that just weren't quite possible in April and May now can easily be accomplished. Because it opens up the freedom of summer, there are certain events that we all associate with June.

For one thing, there's the traditional June wedding. Many couples who take the plunge do it in June. Obviously it's partly because June provides the best weather for such an event: although temperatures have already approached their summer maximums by the middle of the month, the atmosphere still retains a fresh feeling. The debilitating effects of high humidity have not yet become a regular occurrence. With the approach of the summer solstice, storm activity left over from the winter and spring months declines rapidly and the danger of tropical storms from the deep south is practically non-existent.

So we see that the first month of summer offers fine weather for weddings with warm temperatures and a fresh, clean atmosphere.

A traditional poem deals with the weather affects of marrying in certain months of the year:

*Married in January's chilling time,
Widowed you'll be before your prime.
Married in February's sleety weather
Life you'll tread in tune together.
Married when March winds shrill
and roar,
Your home will be on a foreign shore.
Married 'neath April's changeful
skies,
A checkered path before you lies.
Married when bees over May
blossoms flit,
Strangers around your board
will sit.*

*Married in merry month of June,
Life will be one honeymoon.*

*Married as July's flower banks
blaze,*

Bitter-sweet memories in after days.

*Married in August's heat and
drowse,*

*Lover and friend in your chosen
spouse.*

*Married in gold September glow,
Smooth and serene your life will
flow.*

*Married when leaves in October thin
Toil and hardships for you begin.*

*Married in veils of November mist
Fortune your wedding ring has
missed.*

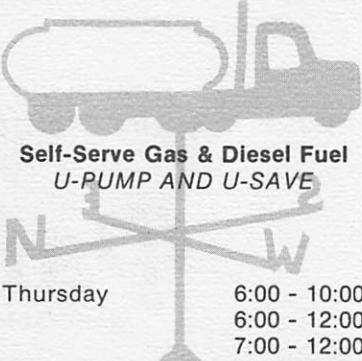
*Married in days of December cheer,
Love will shine brighter year after
year.*

So, June is perhaps one of the best months in which to be married, but take your pick!

June is also the time for another special celebration: high school graduation. At Oxford Hills High School, graduation has always been held around the middle of the month. An outdoor graduation is always preferred and planned.

Last year the Class of '80 graduated under the ideal June weather. The week leading up to the June 12th ceremony was warm, hazy, and humid. But on the 8th a cold front swept through the area, introducing a period of cool, clear, refreshing weather. The graduation itself took place under brilliantly clear skies, with no wind and cool temperatures. After two straight outdoor graduations, there is some doubt as to how lucky the Class of '81 will be. But let there be no fear, have confidence in the beautiful weather of June.

June also begins the tremendous
Page 30 . . .



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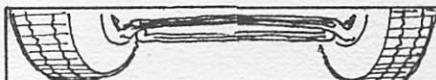
AT THE WRONG TIME

Such witticisms come to me
When I am washing dishes.
I laugh at each absurdity
As soapy water swishes.

When I am making up our bed
Or scouring out the hopper,
Great humor pops into my head . . .
Some of it not quite proper.

Let me find paper and a pen
And every thought disperses:
My mind is hollow once again . . .
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Otta Louise Chase, Sweden



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7	8	9	10	11	12
Oakland 4:30 p.m.	Seattle 10:35 p.m.	Seattle 10:35 p.m.	Seattle 10:35 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.
14	15	16	17	18	19
California 4:00 p.m.	Seattle 10:35 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.	California 7:30 p.m. California 1:20 p.m.
21	22	23	24	25	26
California 2:00 p.m.	New York 8:00 p.m.	New York 8:00 p.m.	New York 8:00 p.m.	New York 8:00 p.m.	Detroit 7:30 p.m. Detroit 1:56 p.m.
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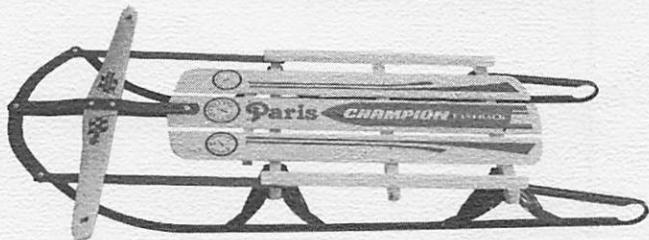
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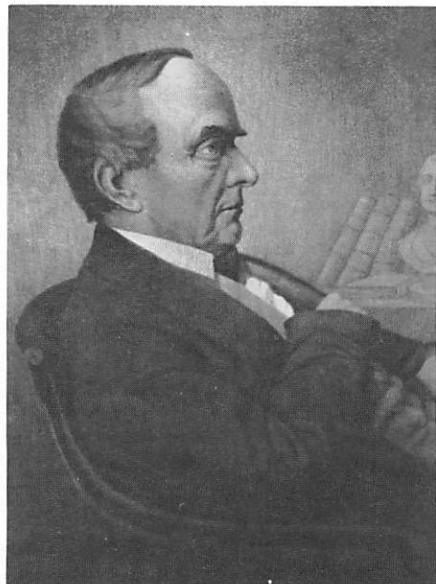
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An engraved print of Mr. Webster.

Mr. Lodge in his "Life of Webster" in the American Statesman series has given the most vivid picture of Daniel Webster, I think, that is to be found. In his graphic way he thus describes young Webster's Fryeburg life:

At no time in his life does Mr. Webster's character appear in a fairer or more lovable light than during this winter at Fryeburg. He took his own share in the sacrifices he had done so much to entail, and he carried it cheerfully. Out of school hours he copied endless deeds, an occupation that he loathed above all others, in order that he might give all his salary to his brother. The burden and the heat of the day in this struggle for education fell chiefly on the elder brother in the years which followed; but here Daniel did his full part and deserves the credit for it.

He was a successful teacher. His perfect dignity, his even temper, and imperturbable equanimity made his pupils like and respect him. The survivors, in their old age, recalled the impression he made upon them, and especially remembered the solemn tones of his voice at morning and evening prayer, extemporaneous exercises which he scrupulously maintained. His letters at this time are like those of his college days, full of fun and good humor and kindly feeling. He had his early love affairs, but was saved from matrimony by the liberality of his affections, which were not confined to a single object.

DANIEL WEBSTER Part II

He laughs pleasantly and good-naturedly over his fortunes with the fair sex, and talks a good deal about them, but his first loves do not seem to have been very deep or lasting. Wherever he went, he produced an impression on all who saw him. In Fryeburg it was his eyes which people seem to have remembered best. He was still very thin in face and figure, and he tells us himself that he was known in the village as "All-eyes;" and one of the boys, a friend of later years, refers to Mr. Webster's "full, steady, large and searching eyes." There never was a time in life when those who saw him did not afterwards speak of his looks, generally either of his wonderful eyes or the imposing presence.

There was a circulating library in Fryeburg, and this he read through in

his usual rapacious and retentive fashion. Here, too, he was called on for a Fourth of July oration. This speech, which has been recently printed, dwells much on the Constitution and the need of adhering to it in its entirety. There is a distinct improvement in his style in the direction of simplicity, but there is no marked advance in thought or power of expression over the Hanover oration. Two months after delivering this address he returned to Salisbury and resumed the study of law in Mr. Thompson's office.

The peroration of the Fourth of July address by Webster refers to a true patriot: "While his country enjoys peace, he rejoices and is thankful; and, if it be the counsel of heaven to send the storm and the tempest, his bosom swells against the rage that assaults it. Above fear, above danger, he feels that the last end that can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in defense of the laws and liberties of his country."

It is interesting to learn by the Fryeburg records of the association of Webster with Maine men. He had access to Mr. Dana's law library while he was in Fryeburg. Later, when he came to be admitted to the bar, he wrote Judah Dana this letter:

Boston, December 29, 1804

Dear Sir—

Circumstances exist which render it desirable to me to be able to show that during the eight months in which I instructed in the Fryeburg Academy, I considered myself destined for the profession of law, and had access to the library of a practitioner. If you can, salvo honore, say this of me, it would gratify me that you should. A "student of law" I certainly was not, unless "Allan Ramsey's Poems" and Female Quixotism will pass for law books. Besides, I should not expect a man of your habits to certify me to have been a student of anything during the time which I loitered away in your country, perusing rather my male and female friends than my books. To



Above: The hallway at Fryeburg Academy, a bust of Daniel Webster over the door.

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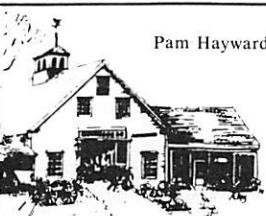
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be serious, however, you would really oblige me by writing me a line and stating in it, if you can, that while I was in the Academy six hours in the day, you understood me to have made choice of the law as a profession, and that I had access to your library. I will immediately excuse you if there is anything in this request incompatible with propriety.

Mr. Dana promptly replied and made a certificate that Mr. Webster had had the use of his library, and that while he was at Fryeburg it was Mr. Webster's intention to pursue the study of law. Mr. Webster is thus brought in touch closely with one of our best Maine lawyers.

In this address I have endeavored to bring to our minds the picture of Webster as a young man in Maine, a teacher at Fryeburg, and to show how intimately he has touched our Maine life. We feel a commendable pride in our association with this great man in his early manhood . . . The life of this great American is written upon the history of our country. It is our pleasure, as well as our duty, to call attention to the great example Webster is to the youth of the country, to the youth of Fryeburg Academy . . . I have no time to trace Mr. Webster's career as a lawyer . . . (but) it is as an orator and expounder of the Constitution that Webster's fame is imperishable.

In 1822 Mr. Webster was elected to Congress from the Boston District in Massachusetts, and was twice re-elected almost unanimously. In 1827 he was elected by Massachusetts to the United States Senate.

Daniel Webster will stand out in history as the expounder of the Constitution, its interpreter to the American people, the man who inspired Americans with the sentiment of union. John Marshall interpreted the Constitution for lawyers and for the courts; Daniel Webster interpreted the Constitution for the people, and especially for the people of New England. He became a part of the history of New England.

Taken from an address by Hon. Clarence Hale, Judge of the U. S. Court for the District of Maine on the occasion of the presentation of an oil painting of Daniel Webster to the Trustees of Fryeburg Academy, November 26, 1918.



Off The Shelf

by George Allen

The History of Buckfield, Maine, 1777-1900 by Alfred Cole & Charles F. Whitman, originally issued 1915; reissued 1977

The Journal of Zadoc Long edited by Peirce Long, published 1943

When local history is written, there is seldom any doubt about who will read it: usually those who are written about, whose family histories are recounted. It is part of a tradition long existing in our own and other societies: ancestor worship. "There were giants in the land in those days," we will say, on putting down the book. "Let us now praise famous men, like our fathers who begat us." In the local history of western Maine, this tradition sometimes leads us to laughable sentences that cover all bases: "Mr. H— had no bad habits, was moral and upright, square in his dealings and was always interested in and identified with all movements for the public good."

Most histories hereabouts were written around the turn of the century, when towns were celebrating their centennials and producing encyclopedic tomes documenting the progress of their communities. Today these often serve as works of reference for people looking for information about their ancestors, but some are so complicated in construction that their readers have had to produce special indexes in order not to be confused; to know whether the sketch of a life led in virtue and perspicacity is all there is or whether there is some shaded episode in the Annals section about the difficulties such and such a gentleman had with the Town. The rhetoric of approbation or, conversely, of dismissal, can get pretty thick, so it often helps to be able to locate a passage where emotion surfaces for an instant and we are able to see a human being behind the stiffness of the prose.

Local history still has its pitfalls. One present-day local historian, faced with the fact of an adopted child

who hadn't been told, simply left the person out of the family genealogy! Another, in a recently published town history, tagged a local doctor as a sort of turn-of-the-century drug dealer. A book of photographs of the "old days" published shortly thereafter sought to restore the doctor's reputation by declaring how beloved he was by his patients, and respected for the help he gave them. There may be no contradiction in the two accounts: truth often depends on your point of view.

While our species lives, we will create alternative versions of a time or a person that together speak of a complex truth. Modern historical scholarship may analyze documents and statistics 'til the cows come home, but many will still thirst for reasons *why*.

This situation leads me to commend to the reader the two books on Buckfield: **The History of Buckfield, Maine 1777-1900** and **The Journal of Zadoc Long**. The items from Long's journal that appear in the **History of Buckfield** are what sent me to see if the journal as a whole had been published.

Zadoc Long, born in 1800, was a trader in Buckfield beginning about 1824. He did so well that in 1838 he took what today we would call an early retirement. From the time he was 20 until he died at 73, he kept a journal in which he recorded information about life in the settlement, his own business affairs, his comments on the political life of the time, his speculations about religion, his letters to his prospective wife, the activities of his family, accounts of his travels, his estimates of people, indeed almost everything you'd like to know about human life in Oxford County in the nineteenth century.

One meets in Long's diary many of the people one sees in a different guise in the **History of Buckfield**. Not that Long unbuckles them; he is, if anything, more generous in his estimates of men than even some

hero-making histories. But he speaks of them without pretence, and in the round. Through Zadoc Long one sees not how different, primitive, and strenuous were the lives of the people in the developing Maine towns, but rather how multi-faceted, wide-ranging, and lively.

Admittedly, Long was no pioneer. The journal of Abijah Buck, Buckfield's first settler, also printed in the **History of Buckfield**, is stark and bare compared to what we have from Long. Long's tone is formal, homely, and urbane at once. His estimates of men are uttered without preamble and sometimes with abrupt and pithy point. His reflections on life are often set out in verse, the composition of which he often looked on as a game—he writing one line, a friend the next. If his literary abilities are often with the eighteenth century—like those of Addison, Swift, Gay, Johnson, or of the "balanced" romantics like Scott, Cooper, and Thackeray—his prose sometimes has the clear ring one finds in the journals of that very different nineteenth century journalist, Henry Thoreau.

Why do I recommend the history, too? Well, you can't tell the players without a scorecard. Many of the people Long mentions are written about there, and events to which he glancingly alludes are set out there in greater detail. And I find that Cole and Whitman, while a bit pompous about many of the men and women they describe, have something of a vision to convey, too—of what nineteenth century Buckfield really was about. Read their cool but appalled account of railroads in Buckfield, for instance. Despite all the jumping around you have to do to connect one piece of information with another, the interest of the events and lives being recounted hardly ever palls.

People like Long were unusual, of course. It's not likely another such dedicated diarist could have been found in Buckfield during his lifetime. He is aware of the importance of what he is doing; he speaks at several points about how his descendants will probably look through what he has written, to get the pulse of life in an earlier time.

Zadoc Long had four children, all of whom eventually left Buckfield. The youngest, John D. Long, became a notable Boston lawyer, Governor of



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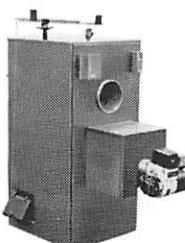


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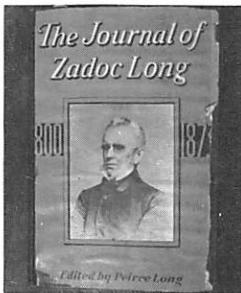


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Massachusetts, and Secretary of the Navy under McKinley. Not the least interesting aspect of the journal is the running account it provides of the admiration of this father for this son. John delighted Zadoc by almost all that he did; the present library at Buckfield was given to the town by John D. Long, in his father's memory.

Theirs was, I suppose, not a unique story. Every county has a native who went on to wow them in the big city. Most came from families where there was at least one indomitable figure—father or mother, uncle, aunt or teacher—urging them on. Few accounts I have read show as graceful a management of this process as does *The Journal of Zadoc Long*, or as sincere, clear-headed, and yet felt history of a time in the life of a place.



Excerpts from The Journal of Zadoc Long

From a letter to his wife (written while he was away on a buying trip to Massachusetts and had gone to visit his brother Thomas at Plymouth).

Tuesday evening, Plymouth (May 11, 1830). I have arrived at that poor, lonesome, dismal, out of the way corner of creation at last & am wearied and sick. Had an exceedingly pleasant ride, however, rendered so by the fortunate circumstances of falling in company with a very handsome, sociable, intelligent young lady, who was going from the city into the country to be married. Don't be alarmed. There was a little girl that I could have wished anywhere else, you may say, that sat between us all the way. Nevertheless we managed to be very polite to each other, I assure you. She undertook to deceive me a little at first by telling me that she was going to the marriage of her sister. Who knows but she tho't me a single man, & therefore a new conquest. At any rate I have the vanity to conjecture that I saw some degree of the brightness fade from her

pretty cheek when I intentionally took occasion to say something about my wife and children. Then, as an offset probably, she let me know that she herself was the candidate for marriage. She promised to send you a piece of the wedding cake, if I would call when I returned to Boston. And I think I shall, wouldn't you?

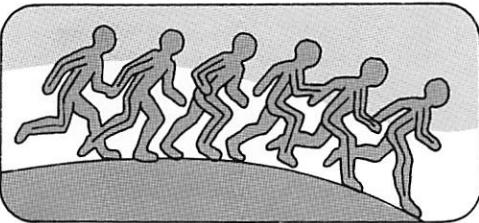
His account of Am. Buck

(July 23, 1862) His son Zadoc Long, Jr., gone to Paris & Norway with Am. Buck. Am. Buck is the man who keeps a public house in Buckfield Village. He is a character that stands out from the common herd in singular relief. He never possessed a dollar's worth of property free from debt; he owns no attachable thing in the world. His promise to pay would not pass anywhere for any amount. Nevertheless, no other man in this town or county lives so leisurely, or has so many luxuries. He eats & drinks every day the best fare the markets afford; his house is well furnished, he dresses in gentlemanly style, he keeps a man servant subject like a slave to his bidding, he dresses his wife and children well, keeps servants for them, has a nice horse & chaise or buggy harnessed and brought to the door whenever he or any of his family wish to ride for pleasure. He is portly, lazy, & resembles one who has so much of the world's good things that he knows not how to dispose of them so that they shall afford him the greatest amount of gratification. He never goes to church, has no religion, sells rum to guzzlers. But with all his faults he is generous, tender-hearted, ready always to do what he can to relieve others' distresses—loves and takes good care of his wife and children. Such is Am. Buck.

Verses written on the last page of his journal:

*My pipe is smoked out, my muse
Poor crippled thing,
Will no more flatter, or abuse—
No more will sing.*

George Allen, formerly of Oxford University Press, New York, and most recently with the Oxford County Historic House Survey, has written books on country inns. He lives in Bethel.



Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe,
M.D.

Allegory IV (conclusion)

"Yes," Jean-Paul nodded his head thoughtfully, "so the conversation turns to the patron." He then produced a series of gestures which for twenty years had never failed to amuse Michel. He shook his head and clucked his tongue. He nodded once again. He furrowed his brow and pursed his lips. He raised his eyebrows and turned down the corners of his mouth in that eternal expression of the French. He swore softly. He was, you see, deep in thought. Where Michel the artist could soar to tremendous heights, Jean-Paul held great depth.

"Oui, the patron. Sometimes I wish there were no patrons. Is it possible to love and hate them at once? I do. How I wish I could sit them down and say, 'This is how to be a patron.' But they are in such a hurry. Their needs must be met, not now, but yesterday. And in their haste to be served, where goes this Quality you speak of, Michel?"

"Two things I try not to forget when I get in this vein about the patron. First is that patrons are people, non? It helps to remember that many of the failings we detest in the patron are really very human traits which we all share. Which brings up the second point, that as we sit here, mon petit, we, too, are patrons."

"And that means we can't forget how the patron feels, how immediate are his needs, and how easy it is to disregard the needs of others. A man's hangnail is more important to him than the war in China. That is a human trait, this putting oneself above the more desperate needs of others. 'What? No more smoked salmon?' they say and are outraged more so than the man who has not eaten for a week. What I mean to say, Michel, is that this disregard for others at a time of ones' personal need is neither reprehensible nor irreparable—it is simply human."

"But if the patron is human, so is the chef. Sometimes I want to scream that truth quite loudly. We also must

eat and sleep like other humans; have families, like other humans, who need us more than do the patrons. One cannot be chef or innkeeper for twenty-four hours a day. And, like other humans, we, too, have our bad days. We are touchy and short with others, find an edge to our voice, simply because we are human, and for no other reason.

"It is this burden, Michel, which I find most difficult to bear in our profession—that we are not permitted to be human, to make mistakes, to have a bad day. It's an awful thing, Michel, to be expected to be perfect. The only thing worse might be to begin to believe that one is perfect!

"This has everything to do with your issue of Quality, Michel. It has to do with how things are perceived by the patron. If we are made to be gods, mon petit, our acts are god-like, and we are expected to be perfect. There can be no issue of Quality. But if we are permitted to be human, then, my friend, that extra effort, that caring that costs so little, may be seen as the best that man can offer, rather than simply a ray of grace from God. There is a difference there, but perhaps I am muddled.

"I sometimes think, and here I may be confused as well, that the patron would like us to be gods in order to serve his own purpose. To be administered to by a god is quite something after all. And, too, no demand is too excessive for a god to fulfill, or too outrageous to request. And so on. Oh, I am sorry, Michel. I get carried away."

Michel said nothing. His friend was speaking from the heart, a rare event. He let him go on.

"And so," Jean-Paul said, "and so, when one of us, one god, falls—a guest is treated rudely, a kitchen found using canned vegetables—when a mistake is uncovered, we are all condemned. Why not? We are all believed to be residing on Olympus. I find this hard to tolerate, too, that we

are all supposed to be equal, all the same: same training, same honesty of purpose or lack of it, same wants, same accomplishments. How absurd that the patron, who wants to be a person, will not allow his chef to be!"

(By now, every patron in Le Bec Fin, where our two friends were dining, every patron, dear reader, had ceased his dining and was listening to Jean-Paul. Are you surprised?)

"Mon dieu! If he will make that quantum leap and permit us to be human beings, our dear patron will see that some of us are more clever, some more caring, some greedy, others quite giving. And where does this thinking lead our patron, Michel? To choice, mon ami, to choice. Having said that, that we are human after all, and different from one another, the patron can then say, "I will dine there because it is cheaper, or here because of the chef's training."

Page 31 . . .



IRIS

A lone purple iris sits and stares
Through the window that frames the
vestibule door.

It was there last year at this time,
For a piece of string still remains
Where I braced its drooping head
After a heavy June rain.
Can it be that another year
has passed,

Or is the passing of time
But an illusion that deceives me
And am I awakening from a deep
And troublesome sleep?

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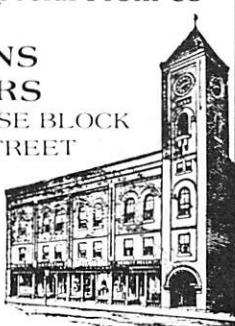
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... Page 24 Jay's Journal

onslaught of summer baseball and softball fanaticism, and on a perfect note. Clear skies and warm temperatures get the ball rolling all the way from the Farm League on up through the baseball and softball adult leagues. Most baseball and softball games begin at six o'clock at night. After playing over a hundred 6:00 p.m. games myself, I've often thought what a perfect starting time this is for any summer athletic contest. First of all, it's easy to remember. It's one of those times that no one can forget—lunch is at noon and the ballgame starts at six o'clock. Meteorologically the time is ideal. The high temperature for any day is usually from noon through about mid-afternoon. And while the maximum is in the afternoon the heat of the day doesn't break until five or six o'clock. Looking through my weather records, I notice that the four o'clock temperatures are only a couple of degrees lower than the maximum for the day. But the six o'clock temperatures are usually from nine to ten degrees lower than the maximum. So ball games that begin at six o'clock are well out of the heat of the day, yet still a few hours away from darkness.

June also introduces the sea breeze for ocean-goers. Sea breezes can either bring welcome relief from a miserably hot day or can turn an almost-warm day into a chilling affair. The mechanics of a sea breeze are simple: land masses warm up during the day faster and become warmer than do large bodies of water. When the land warms up, the air above the land also warms and begins to rise rapidly—it's called convection. This phenomenon contrasts sharply with what goes on over the ocean during the day. The water can absorb much more energy than the land without warming up to any great degree. So as the air over the land rises, the stagnant, cooler air over the water rushes in to land to fill the vacuum, dropping temperatures ten to twelve degrees.

Unfortunately, the most drastic effects of the sea breeze occur during the tentative, early days of summer when the temperatures are making their first attempts to rise into upper reaches of the scale. During this time the sea is still as cool as it was during the winter so the temperature difference between the land and the

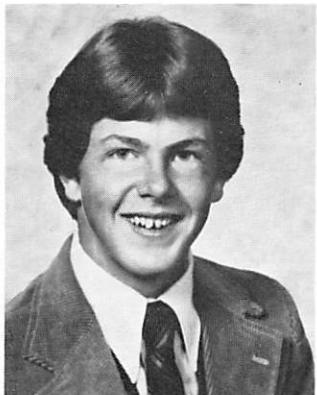
sea might be up to 20 or 30 degrees. This temperature gradient sets up a radical sea breeze, dropping land temperatures into the fifties and sixties.

I can remember traveling to Fenway Park in Boston from Maine in early June when the temperature here would be about seventy with little or no wind. Dressed for summer weather, we would be accosted by a brutal wind in Boston, whipping in from the ocean and making it feel like the first of March rather than the first of June. So, to avoid an upsetting experience, avoid the ocean during the fledgling days of summer.

The weather map of June shows remarkably little storm activity with the approach of the summer solstice. Although the principle storm track from the Great Lakes northeastward down the St. Lawrence Valley remains, only a few storms take this route. Those storms from Alberta, instead of swooping down into the Great Lakes and off the New England coast with the usual dreary weather, instead swing across southern Hudson Bay, well north of New England. The coastal northeaster reaches its lowest frequency and intensity of the year. Overall, the weather of June gives us a pleasant introduction to summer. The cool, rainy weather of spring is long gone and the muggy weather of late summer has yet to appear.

June is a time for beginnings. As we have graduated from the toils and troubles of winter, we now look forward to a productive summer.

Jay Burns, a Waterford weather observer for WCSH-TV, will graduate from Oxford Hills High School this June with the Class of '81.



"My God, I will hang a sign behind my desk at the hotel! 'We are human, you and I.' What do you think, Michel?"

Michel at last spoke. Were there tears in his eyes? "Jean-Paul, my friend, I love you. It is beyond our abilities as humans to enter into a partnership of humanity as you suggest. Just as we shall always have the loud demanding patron, full of complaints, impatient to be served, never sated, so will there always be the clip joints, the restaurant-turned factory, the ninety-day-wonder chef.

"If some patrons are too concerned with status and turn their backs on Quality, then so are some of us. Many of our colleagues are as thoughtless as those patrons we deplore. And just as we must not as a group be condemned, neither should they. We exist, you and I, the Cheval Blan and l'Ange, for the patron who needs us, not the one who wants us, and you must admit, Jean-Paul, there are plenty of both."

Each man stood to leave. Michel held the trembling waiter's hand in both of his, praised his service lavishly, and offered constructive comments about the vacherin. Michel was suddenly full of how to be a good patron. Jean-Paul, equally full, sought out the chef.

This evening, box-within-a-box, a mirror reflecting mirrors, fulfilled them as had countless other evenings. They would tomorrow see the day's challenges with renewed vigor, amazing patrons, astounding competitors. It would work this way with them week upon week, year after year.

This night, they travelled the winding roads east to Lembach mostly in silence, digesting the evening's thoughts. Each had thought of some little quirk to be corrected, some detail to be attended to. It was Jean-Paul who finally broke the silence.

"Michel, mon petit, where would I be without these evenings?"

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austere, like the gray of the Quakers, for instance. Dresses were all made in one modest style, but some were pink calico, others yellow gingham, etc. Cloaks had scarlet linings, bonnets were bright blue, dishes and buildings were adorned with flowers. This was and is a joyful, contented community.

Things have continued to change, as well they should in a growing family. In the beginning, the only book was the Bible; nonworking pets and decorative arts were frowned upon. But that was the way of the world in the 1700's. Intricate drawings done by members who felt that they were conveying Spirit messages from Mother Ann became some of the most wonderful of 18th and 19th Century Art works (see page one). Songs with their "roots in American folk music and their branches in heaven" came from the communities. And outside influences came into them. Now there are many books and records. Now there is television; the sisters wear slacks on occasion; there are several pets. That is the way of the world in the 1900's.

And yet the ten brothers and sisters at Sabbathday Lake are still not of the world of 1981. The work has changed—there are still sheep and apples, but the land is worked by others. The Shakers themselves concentrate on the herbs and teas; on printing and writing and teaching and offering religious retreats—and sometimes on travelling and lecturing.

Though the trappings may be different, the tenets remain the same. Those covenanted into the order worship daily, live in celibacy, contribute all to the good of the community. They speak in the old ways—"Yea" and "Nay" spice conversations. When they die they will be buried in a cemetery with a common stone that simply says: "Shakers." But interest in the community never flags. There are many members in the "Friends of the Shakers" support group. Young people are still attracted to the order. The museum and the store are still open.

What draws one to return is the love that exists in this closest life to heaven on earth. It is Brother Ted's hug, Sister Mildred's affectionate hand on the shoulder, Brother

David's help, Sister Frances' proffered lunch carried up two flights of stairs, Brother Arnold's warm smile. It is that they care, and they remember, and they do all they can to accommodate and to make everyone happy. They offer service and they offer love. "To bow and to bend (they) shan't be ashamed." The Shakers at Sabbathday Lake still live with humility, love, unity, simplicity, and the indwelling spirit of Christ.

N.M.

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Can You Place It?

Last month's *Can You Place It?* photo, the H. H. Caswell General Store, was given to the Harrison Historical Society by Jean Whitney, according to Mrs. Mary Carlson, who sent it to us. Clifford Chapman of North Windham wrote us that his grandfather, Hollis Caswell, built the store in 1891 all by himself (except for hiring a man one day to help him put up the rafters). He also operated a woodworking shop there, powered by the stream from Crystal Lake into Long Lake, where he made windows and doors.

The building at the rear of the store in the photograph, interestingly enough, was where the canal boats (see Part I of the Cumberland-Oxford Canal story in this issue) docked and unloaded. In the early days people from Waterford, Albany, and the surrounding areas came by ox team to Caswell's for their winter supplies. Ernest Ward eventually bought it and turned it first into a dine and dance place called "The Anchorage," then into apartments where he also lived. Presently it is again a store: Lake Region Hardware.



Mrs. Ruth Wentworth won the free subscription as the first to identify it. Also notifying us were Mrs. Harold Maxfield of Harrison and Elmon Harmon, Sr. Myra Jordan, Locke Mills, belatedly identified the April *Can You Place It?* as the Hartford Community Hall.

Goings On

ART

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP: Twentieth Annual Members' Show June 30-July 12; Bonnema Pottery July 14-26. Matolcsy Gallery, Norway. Hrs: 9-5 Tues.-Sat. (Closed Sun. & Mon.)

SUMMER FAIRS

1st CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH: High Street, Bridgton, July 8, 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

BRIDGTON ARTS & CRAFTS SOCIETY: Shop on Depot Street, open Sat. only beginning June 6. July & Aug. open Mon.-Sat. 10-6. 4th ANNUAL SUMMER FAIR: July 25, Town Hall, No. High St. 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Demonstrations and snack bar.

24th ANNUAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH FAIR & AUCTION: Sat. Aug. 1 Christ Church Rectory Lawn, Green St., Norway. Open at 9 a.m., featuring crafts, books,

garden produce, homemade candy, jellies, baked goods, cheese, flea mkt. Antiques Auction starts 10:30 a.m. Lunch available.

SPECIAL

LADIES CIRCLE CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH, HARRISON: Weds. June 24, Breakfast 8-10 a.m.; Sat. June 27, Rummage Sale 9-1, Lunch available; Weds. July 8, Breakfast 8-10 a.m.

HARTFORD HERITAGE DAY: Sun. June 14. Church service at 8:15 a.m., parade with East Butterfield Militia, auction, displays at J & O Irish Store museum—including new quilt of Hartford scenes handmade this past winter by Hartford women.

MAINE PONY TEAMSTERS 1981 SCHEDULE: Parades & Competitions; June 28, Norlands Estate, Livermore, 9 a.m.; July 11, Downeast Horse Congress, Lewiston, 9 a.m.; July 12, Ossipee Valley Fair; Aug. 29, Acton Fair; Sept. 15, Oxford County Fair; Sept. 26, Farmington Fair; Oct. 3, Cumberland Fair; Oct. 8, Fryeburg Fair; Oct. 18, Maple View Farm, West Baldwin.

AMERICA II—BILLINGS TO BROADWAY: Music by the Portland Choral Art Society, Sat. June 6, 8 p.m., Trinity Episcopal Church, Coyle St. & Forest Ave., Portland. Admission.

HARRISON OLD HOME DAYS: July 9, 10, 11. Nightly entertainment, hourly raffles, craft shows, parades, carnival events & rides.

AFFAIR AT THE FAIR: presented by Oxford Hills YMCA, Oxford Hills High School Auditorium, Fri. & Sat. June 27 & 28, 7 p.m. An original production of love and magic written, produced & directed by William Dymond of Bridgton, featuring area youngsters allied with local professionals in dance, mime, magic & original music.

SECOND HILLS ALIVE EVENT: presented by Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce. Hills Alive Summer Fling Thing—a festival of fine arts, performing arts, crafts, water events, children's games & good food, Sat. June 27, 10 a.m. to sunset, Rain or Shine, Bear Mt. Village Safari Campground, Rte. 37, Harrison. Admission \$1 adults, 50¢ children.

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